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Photograph from Paul Thompson.

A recent, informal photograph of the Kaiserin, the Kaiser and the Crown Prince.

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in Berlin. Author of "Behind the Scenes
in Warring Germany"



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TO
WILSON WARD FOX

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THOUGHTS ON THE KAISER

Through the undergrowth of a Silesian wood stumbled an unkempt man. A glaring red dawn, spreading like disaster from up over Russia's plains, unmercifully lighted his pale, tired face. Spurred with gold, absently flicking the bushes with a stubby Field Marshal's baton, his gray Prussian military cape torn by twigs, his riding boots splashed with mud, the orders on his breast half torn off, his helmet teetering crazily over one ear, whitish moisture gathered at the corners of his lips, a strange look in his eyes, he stumbled on. . . .

Reads like the opening of a fiction story! Well, it never happened. But have you ever heard of the White Lady? . . .

For these are the Hohenzollerns:

Frederick Wilhelm I worked himself into such terrible tempers that he impulsively dismissed every one around him. Frederick the Great was eccentric. His sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth, left written memoirs that suggested insane degeneracy. Frederick Wilhelm II steeped himself in debt and women. He was the father of Frederick Wilhelm IV who went to his "old German God," quite mad.

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This monarch had a brother Wilhelm, who had a daughter who became Queen of Bavaria. She left two sons, Ludwig II and Otto. The two sons died mad. There came Wilhelm I, grandfather of the present Kaiser. His wife, the Empress Augusta, came down from Paul I of Russia, who died mad. His son died of cancer of the throat. Which brings us to Wilhelm II of Hohenzollern. . . .

But the White Lady? . . . Dorothea of Brandenburg, wife of the Great Elector, attended the funeral of her husband in 1688. She was dressed all in white, her face covered with a white veil, her hands in a white muff. Whence comes the superstition of the Hohenzollerns: that the appearance of a woman in white means death and disaster. Often, so they say, the White Lady has been seen. Napoleon refused to sleep in the Palace of Bayreuth, because the White Lady walked there. Prussian lore has it that in 1799 a sentry on guard at the gate to the Palace in Berlin saw her one night. And of course Prussian lore attributed the conquest of the country by Napoleon to her coming.

As yet during this war no one has said he has seen the White Lady. I do not profess to know the Kaiser believes he has seen her or not. And Wilhelm II is mystical. But the Duke of Cumberland disappeared in November of 1915—after speaking of the White Lady. He was found some weeks later wandering, babbling, insane. He is descended in the fourth line from an English King who died a

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driveling idiot. The Kaiser is descended in the fifth line from this same King. . . . Who can tell? They found the Duke of Cumberland wandering, a mad man. Who knows what may come true? Should Wilhelm II see the White Lady, might there not come a day when the man described in the opening lines could be seen stumbling out through the Silesian woods, facing the Russian dawn . . . another wanderer, babbling? . . . Such things may be written.

The dire portent of the Hapsburgs is the flock of black ravens. When they fly, croaking from their ancient castle, there comes disaster in Austria-Hungary. Legend says that; and brings proofs. And the portent of the Hohenzollerns is the White Lady. When by night she glides along, there comes national disaster—so the story goes. Do you remember in Ibsen's *Rosmersholm*—“the white horses,” symbol of death?

About Wilhelm Hohenzollern there is feudal mystery and mysticism. In presenting him as Kaiser and man, I shall try to shake these things off. But let us consider how men who believed themselves instruments of God have drenched the world in blood. There was Moses, who brought a century and a half of warfare to the Hebrews, who made of the Red Sea a Masurian Lakes. There was Tamerlane, killing and pillaging in the name of the Almighty. There was Mahomet, another repre-

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sentative of God on earth and who soaked it in blood. And there is Wilhelm II of Germany who said, "Remember that you are the chosen people," even as Moses said it. "The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the German Emperor."

The things that were written centuries ago, some of them, are very strange. There is the Book of Revelations which says, "Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six."

Now the "beast" meant a monarch who drenched the world with war.

A dabbler in prophecies has analyzed this statement of St. John's. He offers, "Six hundred and sixty-nine years is not the age of a man. Six hundred and sixty weeks is the age of a boy. Six hundred and sixty-six months is the age of a man, or fifty-five and one half years."

Emperor Wilhelm II was exactly six hundred and sixty-six months old the day war began.

"Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred and sixty-six."

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CHAPTER I

THE MAN OF DESTINY

IN the half lights of dawn there emerged from the shadows down the road, a column of poplar trees; motionless and erect, it seemed they were on sentry duty, too. Soldiers in twos crossed and recrossed the road, the gray-green of their uniforms almost invisible against the fields, ghostly in the quickening spectrum of day—helmeted shadows of the Kaiser's Guard. Further down the road a light gleamed: That was the château where Wilhelm II, "by God's Grace, King of Prussia and German Emperor," slept.

In a near-by field horses whinnied and neighed; men moved, talking in harsh, early-morning voices. Two squadrons of the Dragoon Guards were encamped there—should the Kaiser call. There, too, one glimpsed lean shapes of steel; and as the sky changed from gray to pink, there came out of the vagueness, taking sinister form, guns of the horse artillery.

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Guarding him as he slept, files of the gray-green men paced through the château park. An outer circle tramped along the spiked iron-fence of the grounds; another circle stalking through the trees; another, another, until after circle upon circle of sentries, one came to a double guard at the narrow, prim entrance to the château. Even there the guards over the Kaiser did not end. Upstairs sentries stole through the high ceilinged halls. In the rooms just above, just below, and on either side of the sleeping-chamber, secret-service men spent the night, watching, listening. The eternal vigil over the imperial body. For the German Emperor is never so guarded as he is at the front. Twenty miles from the firing line, this château. Guarded against what? Wilhelm II fears assassination.

Dawn came, ruthlessly lighting the scarred face of France. Weird seemed the land in the faint light of day. Houses to the east, through which the golden glow gleamed, framed on their gray-stone walls by the cavernous holes of the shells. There a church with tumbled rafters, its cross shot away; here what had been a field of plenty, ugly now with the pockmarks of the shells. For over this land the German legions had rushed a day in August two years before and their imprint lay still upon the earth.

Six o'clock. A commotion at the door. The guard stiffened into statues, transfixed in the im-

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perial salute. A man dressed in gray-green like theirs, a gray military cape, lined with red, hanging from his square shoulders, the short baton of a Field Marshal protruding from his left hand, appeared in the doorway. With a quick gesture his right hand returned their salutes: "Good morning, men!" Another day for the Kaiser had begun.

Under the trees purred the imperial motor; behind it a second, gay with the gold and black of the Imperial standard. The Dragoons cantered up from the field nearby, slashing the air into twinkling shreds as their sabers swished to the salute. "Good morning!" cried the Kaiser, the silver-knobbed baton flashing a salute in return. "Good morning, Your Majesty!" roared five hundred horsemen.

The Kaiser stepped into the car. His tall Pomeranian footman tucked a rug around the imperial legs. The Dragoons divided, half riding out in front of the car, half galloping behind. "To General von Bülow's headquarters," ordered the Kaiser and to the trumpeting of motor horns, the imperial cavalcade slipped through the park and leaving the château behind, moved toward the front.

So began a day for the Kaiser in July of 1916; so has begun many a day for him during this war. For the German Emperor is more often at the front than he is at the Schloss in Berlin. The imperial *ego* is such that he believes his presence at the front is a force equal to sixty thousand soldiers—a force

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of inspiration. And knowing the way the Germans blindly worship him and die for him, I wonder if after all, he may not be right.

No doubt the Great General Staff would prefer him in Berlin, for Wilhelm II is no Napoleon. But the Kaiser ever holds his hand on the war-pulse. One hears of him in France, then in Russia, then in Servia, making speeches and contracting colds.

At one time during the early fighting against Russia he barely retreated with a division across the river Niemen in time to escape capture by a Cossack patrol—an event little known in Germany. Again, riding in an automobile with von Hindenburg in front of the fortress of Kovno, the Kaiser's car was picked up by Russian artillery observers and there was a race for life against the shells. Again, with his staff and against their wishes the Kaiser ventured upon a hill-top opposite Soissons in France and brought the crash of shrapnel down about his ears. For in analysis, we find that, whatever else, Wilhelm Hohenzollern is no battlefield coward.

Yes, the Kaiser has seen this war. He has seen it at the front. He has seen regiments surge into action for him and die. Under his eyes—deeming that his presence would stir the men to greater efforts—the Germans charged again and again to break the British lines at Ypres. And the Kaiser saw the flower of his army, the Prussian Guards, blasted away. And later he saw the funeral pyres of their dead lighting one of those Ypres nights made

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greenish with the rocket flares, one of those nights when mad colors seethe up from No Man's Land, and the trenches slowly turn to great long graves. The Kaiser has seen those horrors by night, those unearthly nights by the Ypres Canal that always seem to come out of the pages of a Maeterlinck play.

Yes, war has made its imprint on the Kaiser's mind. One can see it to-day. The hair over his temples is more gray. A deep furrow now between the brows, where there was none before; a shadow in his gray-blue eyes that used always to be clear. At times on the imperial face the gambler's expression is discernible—a tense, hard expression. The Kaiser seems then like a man who has thrown everything on the wheel—people, country, dynasty—and the uncertainty, the stress of waiting and waiting for a result is portrayed there. And a paradox—were he not a religious fanatic, he must surely go mad from the strain of it.

After the Jutland naval battle the news was brought to him at Potsdam; his face grew ashen. The Kaiser's reactions to good news are equally marked. After the victory at Warsaw in 1915, the Kaiser looked extravagantly joyous. It was as if one had been trying to tell oneself that everything was coming out all right—although subconsciously one often feared—and then victory! These changes of mood show on the Kaiser to-day. But generally his face is grave. As he whirls from one point to another on the front, as he rushes from one of his

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far-flung battlefronts to another, the Kaiser's expression is always the same—gravity.

The War Lord on parade, the Kaiser of the maneuver fields of peace, the Kaiser who would order a cavalry charge of huge proportions and who, as his horsemen thundered by, would turn to his staff and guests with a look of supreme pride and confidence—that Kaiser is no more. Instead one sees a worried expression that reveals an anxious mind.

“Will the terms of peace satisfy my people for the sacrifices they have made? Will my people hold loyal and true to the end?” It is written there.

That the war weighs heavily upon his heart every American who has talked with him affirms. That he feels deeply at the sight of the dead and wounded is also true. Conceptions of human character always differ. It has been written that Joan of Arc was a saint; that she was a mad woman; Molière scoffed at her. It has been written that Catherine of Russia was a great Empress; that she was a degenerate. That Edward VII of England was a peacemaker; that he was a Janus-faced diplomat, who bred war. Conceptions of the Kaiser have been written, presenting him as an arch-hypocrite; the greatest actor in the world; and as a madman. The conception I have is neither of these.

He is dangerously sincere. He believes in himself and in the destiny of the German people. He believes strongly in the Nietzschean “will to power,” and in his speeches to his soldiers during this war he

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has called it the "will to victory." Always religious, the war has made him more so until it approaches mysticism. His constant appeals to God are fervent. His belief that God is on his side is deep-rooted. Whenever he goes to the front the imperial banner—orange, black embroidered with a cross, and bearing the legend "God with us"—goes with him. He has had that motto inscribed on the buckles of his soldiers. He has given to every soldier in the army a little pocket Bible. He is accompanied by a chaplain wherever he goes—accompanied by a surgeon, too.

For during this war the imperial health has more than once been the cause of great worry to the German nation. In December of 1914 a throat affection, the curse of the Hohenzollerns that laid low his father and uncle, confined the Kaiser to the Schloss in Berlin. No one knew exactly what was the matter with him; only those at the top knew. An operation was performed, the Kaiser lived. For a year the malady left him and he rushed from battlefield to battlefield. Then in December of 1916 it overtook him again. The aged Franz Joseph, Emperor of Austria, died. The Kaiser's physicians permitted him to attend a mass for his ally but refused to let him go to the funeral. Now the absence of the Kaiser from Franz Joseph's funeral was a most conspicuous thing, and it is certain that under no circumstance would he have tolerated it, had not the danger to his health been great.

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To-day he suffers from an affection of the mastoid bone which tortures him horribly. Because of this, he is said to take quantities of morphine and cocaine; to race in his motor all night at a mile a minute speed rather than be sleepless with his pain and his thoughts, in the Palace. Concerning this story, I do not know. Otto Helmuth, the Kaiser's chauffeur, told it to the wife of an American physician who was at the same Kurhaus in Aachen.

Will the Kaiser survive the war? No one can tell. Frederick, "unser Fritz" was a tall, powerful man. One day he was taken down at a resort on the Riviera. The curse of the Hohenzollerns had caught him and he died, quickly, in Berlin. The Kaiser has had a battle with himself from the day he was born. His left arm crippled, his figure drooping and sickly as a boy Prince, he fought against fate until he grew into a broad, muscular man. But he was not able to strengthen his throat, he was not able to ward off that disease, be it cancer or what, which took off his Hohenzollern ancestors.

Physically strong the Kaiser is to-day; but there are maladies; there is the throat. At the front, he does not pamper himself unless he contracts a cold; and then—! "The Curse of the Hohenzollerns," he thinks. He has gone without meals. He has scorned the course luncheons of headquarters for plates of stew at field kitchens. He has been in the saddle for hours at a time, always leaving the imperial motor when the zone of fire drew near. At

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Lille he stood in the rain for hours and watched the Bavarians who were to lead the drive on Arras, go marching by. Day after day, during the height of the Verdun offensive, he went to bed after midnight, and was up at daybreak, consulting with his generals throughout the day. Visiting points on the front by day, ever haranguing the soldiers with speeches, it is not an uncommon thing for the Kaiser to make twelve speeches a day at the front. Let a column of infantry be overtaken by the imperial motor, "Halt!" cries the Kaiser. To the distant drumming of the guns, he almost seems to beat time with the little Field Marshal's baton, generally to be found clasped in the imperial hand, "Soldiers, you have given the Fatherland many glorious victories; you will continue to win victories, until with God's help, peace comes." Such is the pith of the typical Kaiser-speech at the front—acknowledgment, encouragement, a reminder of God. It is his inevitable construction.

That the mass of the army loves him there can be no doubt. The Kaiser is ever trying to hold and strengthen that love. To attain this he looks after his soldiers as much as circumstance will allow. A visit to a hospital cot, a word of kindness, a clasp of a day-laborer's hand, a decoration bestowed, an unexpected visit to a company at meal time, a dish of stew with them from out of the field kitchen, an unheralded coming to the quarters where his soldiers rest behind the firing line, an imperial rebuke for

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the lieutenant, because the men are not comfortable enough. Such things the Kaiser is ever doing and the stories of them spread like wildfire throughout the army and the men come to feel that he is an emperor who is fighting with them, not lounging back in a palace, getting the reports. Now obviously it is good business for the Kaiser to create such sentiment among the soldiers and he does it for that reason.

In a room of the General Staff in Berlin where the officers who control railroad transportation keep track day and night of the movements of all passenger and military trains, throughout the Empire, there come nights when every man is unusually alert. Those are "Kaiser nights." In the great headquarters of Charleville, Brussels and in Lille, three staffs whose sole work is railroads sit.

The Kaiser decided to leave the western battle-front for the east. His headquarters, during July, was a château behind Sedan. From Sedan the word is flashed to Lille that the Kaiser is coming. Lille flashes it on to Brussels, Brussels to the great railroad room in Berlin. From that building of yellowish brick on the Königsplatz, railroad chiefs at every point from Aachen on the Belgian frontier, to Alexandrovo, on the Polish frontier are notified that the Kaiser's train is leaving Lille bound for Warsaw, via Brussels and Berlin. The yards know just how many military and passenger trains are scheduled to pass through them in the next twenty-four hours.

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The "Kaiser schedule" is put in operation. Tracks are cleared for the Imperial Special.

Drawn by one of the powerful Henckle engines, it pulls into Sedan, a drawing-room car for the Kaiser and his personal aides, a combination dining and study car, the Imperial sleeper and three sleepers for the rest of the staff. As the big locomotive waits, there sounds above its panting the clatter of aeroplanes and overhead in V formation, flying like crows, a big Fokker at the apex—the Kaiser's aerial guard, to keep off any possible enemy flyer until the German frontier is reached.

The night after the Kaiser has stepped into his special train at Sedan, he is detraining at Warsaw and driving at midnight down the Jerusalemer Allee into the Nowy Swiat and down to the palace of the old Polish kings where he will spend the night. A few days sensing the Polish sentiment, sounding the temper of the people, and the Kaiser moves on. From Warsaw, he swings northward to watch the hammering at Riga; east, beyond Brest-Litowsk to Barnovitch; or the imperial train goes hammering southwest over Ivangorod toward Kovel, where Russians hammer at the crumbling Austrian wall.

Wherever the situation seems critical, there goes the Kaiser—to inspire his troops. Wherever a great victory has been won, there goes the Kaiser—to thank his troops. Whenever a new country has been captured, Servia, Roumania, there goes the Kaiser to strike awe into the hearts of the captive

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populace—awe and respect for the Prussian eagle. Wherever an ally is becoming a little uneasy—at Vienna or Sofia—there goes the Kaiser to stiffen weak backs, and bolster tottering causes.

One of the Kaiser's prerogatives is, that he holds the supreme command of the German army and the German navy. Incidentally the German military title for the office is "War Lord." Holding this supreme command, the Kaiser uses it. Our President is Commander in Chief of the American army and navy, but as a rule our presidents rarely direct the campaign of our army and navy, in time of war. Not so with the Kaiser, who has studied military and naval science his entire life and fatuously believes he knows something about it.

The Kaiser's touch with his army is personal. He appoints the man whom he believes to be best fitted for the work to the office of Chief of the Great General Staff. This man is surrounded by hundreds of the most efficient and highly trained officers in the German army. This Great General Staff quartered in the field works out, department by department, every phase of the big campaigns. These campaigns, formulated by the Chief of Staff, are then put up to the Kaiser. After the success of the operations in Servia in the autumn of 1915, Falkenhayn formed a plan of campaign that called for an offensive against France. Hindenburg, then in supreme command of the German armies of the East—violently opposed this plan. Hindenburg and his

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great strategist, Ludendorff, told the Emperor, that no offensive movement should be made against France, but that a decision should be first reached in the East. The Kaiser had the two propositions in front of him. Falkenhayn flatly promised the Kaiser Verdun. He had it all figured out to a nicety. Hindenburg came out against Falkenhayn's plan. The Kaiser told Hindenburg he was wrong. Half a year later Falkenhayn's head went into the basket, next to Moltke's. He had joined the lists of the Kaiser's Chiefs of Staff who failed.

Now, that is the Kaiser's position in relation to the army. He is the supreme arbiter. His Chief of Staff and his generals conceive the military moves. He studies their plans, suggests changes here and there, and likes his generals when they openly disagree with him—that is, if it turns out that they are right. If they guess wrong, they get on the imperial black list. In any case, the Kaiser decides.

Similar is his relation to the navy. That, too, has its Staff. They sit in a most modern building in Berlin, a palace compared with the headquarters of the army, and conceive their problems of naval strategy. In that white stone building on the shores of one of Berlin's canals was born the idea of submarine frightfulness. For two years they worked on the campaign that forced us into war. For two years, they increased the building facilities of the German shipyards, biding their time, as week by week the number of "sea snakes" grew. Then,

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when they had a certain number ready—one does not pretend to know how many although credible information says that Germany can now build six submarines a week—when they had raised the number of submarines so it would satisfy their plans, the German Admiralty Staff laid them again before the Kaiser and he made his momentous, fateful decision of the war.

So also with the Foreign Office. In that musty old building Wilhelmstrasse 76, there are departments for every nation in the world. One official in charge of the United States Department, another of the English, and so on. It is the duty of these department chiefs to be ready at the Kaiser's call to lay before him any diplomatic information which he desires in relation to that particular country. As executive head of the Foreign Office was the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, von Jagow, with a mild, suave, tolerant, cosmopolitan type of mind, quite all right for the "rubber-stamp" work that a German Foreign Minister under Wilhelm II has to do. Quite all right, until the brew of submarine frightfulness began boiling, and out went the mild Jagow, for the ruthless Zimmermann. He is responsible to the Chancellor for the efficiency of the Foreign Office, and the Chancellor is responsible to the Kaiser.

As the army and navy chiefs submit their plans for decision, so, too, does Dr. Theovald von Bethmann-Hollweg. If the Kaiser likes the Chancellor's plan, he adopts it. If he doesn't, the Imperial frown

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is put upon it. One colossal blunder and like Moltke, Falkenhayn and Tirpitz, off will go Bethmann-Hollweg's official head. For the Kaiser's chieftains publicly assume the responsibility for the moves of Imperial Germany. If the moves fail, they and they alone are to blame; for despite the fact that none of these moves can be made without the Kaiser's endorsement of them, Wilhelm II, being the Kaiser, "can do no wrong."

Grave with responsibility, rarely brightening except at the news of a victory, utterly downcast by defeat, sternly and grimly the Kaiser goes through the daily routine knowing exactly what is going on in every department of the German war machine. Intensely religious, ever calling upon God in his hour of trial, Wilhelm II is religious to the point of madness. One might almost say, that his whole life is held together by his belief that God is on the side of Germany in this war. Without that religious *ideé fixe* which is almost insanity, it seems incredible that the Kaiser could have stood up against the strain, so deeply has he plunged himself and Germany into the war.

In considering the Kaiser to-day one must grasp the intensity of this religious obsession. If he were acting, if his God ranting was mere mummery, the task of the world would be easier. For a hypocrite compromises quickly. He is an opportunist. Not so an egoist. And the Kaiser's belief that he is a being put on this earth by God and

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anointed by God to rule the German nation, and to lead them to their destiny—which destiny their writers have often assured us has no small limits—this belief of the Kaiser's that God is the protector of German Kultur gives him his stupendous power for good or evil.

For he will not compromise. Impelled by this religious hysteria, he will continue the war until he meets an end like that of the old German gods, and the whole fabric of his Empire is rent asunder. Either that or the world fighting him will become too Christian and end humanity's anguish by substituting the thought of “punishment” with one of charity. But if the world should do that, the Kaiser would believe “our old German God” had saved him and on the Linden the Imperial fanfares would sound and from the gray stone balcony of the *Schloss* one of those “with God” speeches would stir the Berlin soul. . . . Yes, there would be peace; but for how long? “*Jusqu'a bout*,” say the French, and the French know Imperial Germany. “To the end.”

Believing as he does that God is with him, the Kaiser will go on fighting, on and on, putting all the life and treasure of Germany in and he will succeed—for a time—because his people love him despite the appalling sacrifices he has called them to make.

Before the war a German, Franz von Beyerlin, wrote a novel speculating on the fate of the German army. He called his book “*Jena or Sedan?*”—defeat or victory.

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One can imagine another novel speculating on the fate of Wilhelm, titled "St. Helena or Versailles?"

. . . Humbled or glorified, which will he be? One hazards deliberate death on the field of battle; suicide, reported officially as natural death; a breakdown into insanity or Kaiser to the last, a terrific speech to "My people"—"Rather than see you suffer more I shall appease my enemies and abdicate."

Which will it be? Perhaps the martyred in Europe's graves could tell Wilhelm II, but he cannot hear.

CHAPTER II

THE KAISER TO-DAY

“I REGARD my whole position as given to me direct from Heaven and that I have been called by the Highest to do His work; by one to whom I must some day render an account.” So spoke the Kaiser, to his people—*in peace*.

“Forward with God, Who will be with us as he was with our fathers.” So spoke the Kaiser to his soldiers—*in war*.

“God still being with us, you will go on to more victories.” So spoke the Kaiser to his soldiers—*in war*.

“Then with God you will lead my troops to victory.” So spoke the Kaiser to his officers—*in war*.

“Remember that the German people are chosen of God. On me—on me as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent.” So spoke the Kaiser to his people—*in peace*.

“Antwerp was occupied this afternoon without fighting. God be thanked in deepest humility for this glorious result. To Him be all honor.” So telegraphed the Kaiser to his aunt, the Dowager Grandduchess of Baden—*in war*.

THE KAISER TO-DAY

In nearly every public utterance of the Kaiser we find an allusion to God. The thought comes up: Is the Kaiser sincere in this constant allusion to the Almighty in his speeches and proclamation? Almost every American who has talked with Wilhelm II will tell you that he is a man of brains. Yet, the Kaiser said, "Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, and without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way."

Some of us are inclined to smile cynically at such utterances. Or we tap our foreheads and say, "Madman." Is he?

When the grandfather of Wilhelm I was crowned King of Prussia at Königsberg, he raised the crown from the altar and placed it on his head with his own hands, saying, "I receive this crown from God's hand, and from none other." By that act the grandfather of Wilhelm II theatrically conveyed that he was above the constitution which his predecessor had granted the German people. Did he believe that a divine spirit impelled his hands to raise the crown to his head? Not that, but he believed God put him on earth to rule Germany—just as did the present Kaiser in a speech at this same Königsberg when, referring to the historical coronation of his grandfather, Wilhelm II said, "And here my grandfather, again by his own right set the Prussian crown upon his head, once more emphasizing the fact that it was accorded him by the will of God alone."

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That he was not infinitely predestined to be Kaiser would seem too absurd for Wilhelm II even to consider, so deeply has divine right been instilled into every Hohenzollern from birth. The Kaiser is religious, sublimely so. Every allusion that he makes to God in his speeches is sincere. He believes completely that God is his ally. He believes that he can do nothing without the aid of God. As he says, "My frequent appeal for divine aid in the discharge of my duties is prompted by the conviction that the heavier the duty, the more need there is of that aid."

The Kaiser entirely believes in another world. And now we come to that thing so difficult to understand: how can the Kaiser be supremely religious; how can he believe in a hell, and at the same time permit Zeppelins to destroy the civilian population of the enemy? how can he allow his submarines to murder innocent travelers? how can he pass through the wreck of Belgium, and, being sincerely religious, yet have his conscience clear? But as he himself says, "considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, I go my way." The Kaiser believes that he can do no wrong, because his family, the Hohenzollerns, have been chosen by God to guide the destiny of the German nation. The imperial code is that of the Jesuits—the end justifies the means. Now that necessitates a sincere belief in the end; in this case the destiny of the German nation, and in that the Kaiser's whole being is wrapped

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up. If he does something for Germany, he can do no wrong, he reasons, because God would not let him. Fantastic as that is, the Kaiser believes it.

As a matter of course, the Kaiser believes that his Germans are superior to any people in the world. He once remarked to the American Professor Burgess, "You know, in Germany, we do not rate and classify people by their material possessions, but by the importance of the service they render to country, culture, and civilization." Before making a decision the Kaiser invariably prays, and then goes ahead. He is not a hypocrite; he does not pray for sham. He does not consciously use the name of God for advertising purposes. He believes these things of divine right sincerely. His whole being is infused with them.

Mahomet was no less a divinity on earth.

Now that is not insanity. Almost, but it has another name. Alienists and psychologists have applied Henri Bergson's term to the Kaiser. They have said that Wilhelm II has a "mental complex"; that his inhibitions do not work when he gets on religious ground. Similar cases might be Saint Paul, who had an intolerant "mental complex" as to Christ; Peter the Hermit, who could not inhibit while Mohammedans were on "holy ground," and our own Billy Sunday. Compare Billy Sunday and the Kaiser. Sunday is a clever man. By understanding how to play upon the mind of a mob, he has made a fortune. In his business dealings he is en-

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tirely sane; he has invested shrewdly in real estate. But when Billy Sunday mounts his platform and begins to save souls, there comes the condition of a "mental complex." While he is ranting and wrestling with the "devil" and exhorting his auditors to "hit the trail," his inhibitions are not working.

Now consider the Kaiser. Compare his brain to Billy Sunday's! The Kaiser's brain conceived the marvelously efficient state of modern Germany. It has sifted and chosen socialistic ideas of industry, commerce, banking, human welfare. He stole the thunder of the Socialists. His is almost a master mind. But bring in the subject of religion, and the inhibitions of the Kaiser's brain do not work. The thought of God distorts his perspective.

Taught from childhood that a German Kaiser is ordained of God, growing up in an atmosphere of divine right, Wilhelm II has that belief too deep in him even to smile at it quietly by himself. Now, rule by divine right is something worth retaining, if one wishes autocratic power, and the Kaiser does wish autocratic power.

Is the Kaiser cruel? Is he the helmeted demon, his hands dripping with blood, his face filled with lust, as Raemaeker has shown him to be? That is not my conception of the Kaiser. No man whose eyes fill with tears at the sight of a soldier's grave is a demon. No man, who with General von Einem talked to a little French girl and bought her a new

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doll, is a demon. Yet consider the *Lusitania*, Belgium . . . ?

We are familiar with pictures of the Kaiser—the impassive, set face, the frowning eyebrows, the menacing mustaches. It is indeed the face of a War Lord. But is it the Kaiser, or is it merely a mask? To see the real Kaiser one must go back to the time when he was Crown Prince. A soft face that, with drooping mustaches; in it more of the characteristics of his gentle Hanoverian mother than of his stalwart, unbending father. But the Kaiser by fate was given a part to play in the drama of the world. He was cast for the rôle of leader of the most virile nation in Europe. And to think that he used to dress all in white,—his eyes vague and dreamy! The steel helmet then seemed out of place. He suggested a young Lohengrin.

But with the power of Imperial Germany in his hands, all that was changed. No more vague, dreamy eyes, no gentle drooping mustaches. The German people demanded a ruler of “blood and iron.” That was the heritage of Bismarck. And young Lohengrin became the War Lord. The court barber got busy. The mustaches were given two upstanding horns. The white uniform gave way to one of sterner hue. The Kaiser was dressing for his part. He dreamed, he prayed.

From his mother he inherited a love for all the arts. He inherited from her bashfulness and a crippled left arm. Of himself he had to make a con-

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quest, physical conquest and a psychological conquest. His slender body was made strong. Never imposing in appearance, Wilhelm II is not more than five feet and a half tall, yet he suggests much greater height, so straight is his carriage, so well knit is his frame. I had that impressed upon me when I saw the Kaiser surrounded by his staff in Poland. It was Wilhelm II—not Hindenburg—who stood out. With immense patience Wilhelm II made himself into the Kaiser that he is.

Within him there was always a conflict. The overwhelming power and ambition of his father; the gentleness and impulsiveness of his mother. When the Kaiser sorrows for his people in this war—and he does sorrow—it is the influence of his Hanoverian mother. When he shouts for punishment by the sword, it is the voice of him who was crowned German Emperor at Versailles roaring again—Wilhelm I. When Wilhelm II does the erratic—as for instance a few days after his “peace offer” he uttered the most bombastic and warlike words of this conflict—that instinct comes from the influence of his mother, the impulsiveness which urged her to flee the Prussian court and made her a fugitive until she was brought back by Bismarck’s police. It is ever dominating him.

When, a few years ago at the wedding of his daughter, Wilhelm II antagonized the Czar of Bulgaria by joyously sneaking up and giving Ferdinand a lusty slap on the back, it was again the Hanoverian

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impulse. When he shouted, "There is only one master in this country; I am he, and I will not tolerate another,"—the old Hohenzollern heredity was bellowing again.

All the way through the Kaiser is a contradiction. He is not the warrior he is supposed to be; much is bluff. Time and again he kept in check the real war lords of Germany, who twice wanted war with France and once with Russia. The Kaiser has said: "Wilhelm I created the power and grandeur of Germany. It was my grandfather's destiny to make war and as well to unify the Fatherland. My destiny, I feel it, is to create the works of peace—to build up the commercial and industrial power of Germany. Some day I hope that history will call me William the Peaceful." But nevertheless he unleashed war in 1914; he yielded to the men around him.

Americans who have no reason for misrepresenting, men of brains, have said time and again that the Kaiser is not essentially warlike; that his war lord pose is not all sincere. Now I do not intend to make a resumé of all the diplomatic communications as to what started the war; rather to inquire into the relation of the Kaiser to the war.

After three trips to Germany during this war; after talking with business men, farmers, Socialists, kings and princes, I believe that there were powerful banking, industrial and agricultural influences in Germany, and a war party led by the Crown

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Prince, all of whom wanted war. I believe that the Kaiser did not want it at first, but that he was driven into it because from 1880 to 1914 Germany was rushing to bankruptcy. Her industrial prosperity was a paper prosperity. In thirty years her Imperial Debt increased 1,223 per cent., her navy expense 1,054 per cent., her army expense 127 per cent., the cost of living 109 per cent. *And wages increased only 31 per cent.* The imperial pocket was paying for Germany's prosperity. Public expenditures can be met only by taxation or indemnity. I believe the Kaiser wanted to meet them by taxation; but that the wealthy class of Germany would not brook it; that he was finally persuaded to try out the War Machine—the idea being a short, terrific war, victory by 1915 and heavy indemnities from France and Belgium to pour into the debt stricken Imperial treasury.

I believe that he left Berlin and remained away on the yacht *Hohenzollern* so as to cast dust in Europe's eyes, so as to create an impression that because he was not in Berlin he was not contemplating war, and that the clouds might blow over. I believe he so disliked going down in history as the War Maker that he remained away on his yacht until the very last minute; indeed so long, that he almost jeopardized Germany's plans of forty years' making for a swift mobilization and swifter blow—for the mobilization orders can be signed only by the Kaiser. I believe that before he was won to war by his Round

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Table, it was his ambition to preserve the peace of Europe; indeed to go down in history as William the Peacemaker. I believe that in the beginning Wilhelm II personally did everything he could to avert this war, that England and France did not want it, but that forces at home and abroad were too powerful for him. In the days of cold analysis when history is written, when hysteria has died down, people will rate Wilhelm II as an emperor martyred by unscrupulous advisers or as one of the cleverest actors who ever trod the human stage. One hesitates. . . .

The Kaiser loves to make speeches. His love of making speeches is so great that he conquered his youthful timidity against it and even schooled himself in elocution. That he is a brilliant orator is unquestionable. Like Roosevelt, he has a high-pitched, metallic voice, but his mobile face is a tremendous asset. Kaleidoscopic, every emotion can be expressed there, from pity to dominance. What an actor he would have made! Invariably he holds his crippled left arm on a sword hilt, often covered with a gracefully draped, bright-lined military cloak. With his right arm he punctuates a speech with sharp gestures. Dressed as a general, as an admiral, as a statesman, as a Lutheran minister, he talks to his people. He plays a protean part. With bewildering rapidity he changes costumes; he often wears six in a single day. Yet with all his love of the dramatic—and in this love he is both naïve and

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shrewd—he conceives his situations and dresses his part in the cold mood of reason. He seems to comprehend that Wilhelm the Man is a very different person from Wilhelm the Kaiser. He seems to feel that if he does not look out Wilhelm the Man is going to get the better of Wilhelm the Kaiser and then the world would not see a dominant Lord of War, but an effigy leading the German host. So we have the fierce mustaches and the military clothes.

Of the Kaiser's impulsiveness many stories are told. Berlin has a pet one. In recounting it over their beer, the Berliners never say the Kaiser, they say, Siegfried Meyer, the initials S. M. meaning in Germany *Seine Majestät*. Or they call him Daniel, because in the Metz Cathedral is a statue of Daniel the Prophet with a Kaiser face. During this war the American correspondents always spoke of him as Herr Schmidt, for in the cafés there are persons who listen, and in Germany they have a law for lese-majeste. Under this very convenient law one can be put in jail for making uncomplimentary remarks about the Kaiser. It is estimated that since Wilhelm II has been Kaiser the total sentences of persons jailed for lese-majeste aggregate thirty thousand years. Hence in telling of a certain little anecdote the name Herr Schmidt or Siegfried Meyer is used—in Berlin.

At a dinner in the great palace in Berlin, the Kaiser was bored. He tried to dispel his ennui by spinning empty champagne bottles across the waxed

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floor. The Imperial face opened in a yawn. Very stupid, these castle dinners. On guard in the court was a young officer just out of military school—a bashful, self-effacing German boy. The Kaiser ordered him to ride his horse up into the dining-room. Up the palace staircase he picked his way, a difficult feat of horsemanship which delighted the heart of the bored Wilhelm. Pleased with the way things were going, the Kaiser ordered a barricade to be made of a table and chairs. Then he ordered the officer to jump the horse over the hurdle. Pale with apprehension, the boy from the cadet school spurred the horse and took the leap. On the waxed floor the animal slipped, broke its knees, and hurled the young officer into a corner. Laughingly the Kaiser and his guests mocked the boy. The next day another young German officer committed suicide.

That is one of the stories I have heard whispered in Berlin. I do not vouch for them, but smoke means fire. Certainly, although deeply religious, the Kaiser is no Puritan, nor is he in private the stern, dignified figure that parades itself in public. At his villa in Corfu, where every year the Kaiser goes to brown the Imperial countenance under the Ionian sun, his dignity relaxes considerably. There is a motion picture reel, which is projected only at intimate palace functions, showing the Kaiser wearing a bathrobe and leading his soldier orchestra. The Kaiser is a musician. He has written commonplace librettos for Leoncavallo's commonplace mu-

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sic. In music the Kaiser likes the conventional. For months he refused to go to the Imperial Opera House when a Richard Strauss opera was being sung.

Modern German art, the painting of a thought instead of a concrete object, gets no support from his Majesty. His taste in pictures is for the commonplace, the accepted. Also he paints; also he draws designs for fountain statuary, for public buildings. The Kaiser writes plays, he collaborates in the very dull, very patriotic dramas of Wildenbruch and in the more gentle creations of Louff. It is from his mother that he gets this taste for the conventional in art and music.

The Imperial ego is developed enormously. The Kaiser deems it necessary that everything of importance transpiring in the Empire, even to every new chemical discovery or new painting, should be communicated to him for his opinion. His chief hobbies are alarm clocks and a midnight snack of black bread and cheese and the light beer made by his bosom friend, Prince Furstenberg. It is a fact that he keeps a closet full of alarm clocks. He delights catching an officer or an official late, for it gives him an opportunity to present the offender with an alarm clock. In his household he is a well-meaning tyrant. He prescribes all sorts of rules for his children and grandchildren, and then he is the first to break them. If the mood strikes him he will go on a tear around the palace, dismissing servants right and left. He

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will inspect the gloves of the ladies in waiting as he would inspect the flanks of a horse of a Guard Dragoon regiment, and if there is a speck of dust on my lady's glove, she is likely to be rebuked. Aboard his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, he is often a creature of impulse. He will put in at a solitary bay, order his sailors to erect a monument of loose stones to which an inscription is later sent so that tourists may learn that on such a day and at such a time Wilhelm II stood there. In a storm he once donned the costume of a Lutheran bishop and chanted a psalm until the sea cleared.

He is an enormous eater. Eggs, cold cuts, fish, ham and pastry are served at breakfast. A Kaiser Dinner is a hardship, so numerous are the courses. His favorite dishes are pot roast, chicken with paprika, veal cutlet and a very rich pancake. He gulps caviar in great quantities. At dinner he often believes it witty to ask a guest a question as soon as he observes that the person's mouth has food in it. Of course one must answer the Kaiser immediately.

Huge as his income is—\$9,502,750 a year—the Kaiser squeezes the wings of the Prussian eagle on the back of every coin. He had the *Hohenzollern* made an auxiliary of the German navy so as to avoid paying a tax on it. During a fit of economy he ordered his *maître d'hôtel* to see that breakfast did not cost more than fifty cents a cover and luncheon a dollar thirty-five, adding that he himself would

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write the dinner menus. This system lasted a week before the Kaiser tired of it.

In his little messages of good-will to his friends, the Kaiser is not entirely original. One of the prize mementoes of Prince Bülow is a book filled with post cards sent him by the Kaiser from all parts of the world. The cards read something like this: "Weather fine, wish you were here."

He loves to be photographed, but he heartily dislikes snapshots. Every snapshot made of him must be submitted for his approval; jail is the penalty for failure to do so. All his photographs are masterpieces of the retoucher's art. He has caused a painting to be made of him dressed as a medieval king on a rearing charger.

Here is a little incident that happened to two Americans in Berlin:

They were in the Café Bauer. In discussing Wilhelm II one said, "The Emperor is mad." Five minutes later there entered the café a German who had overheard them and a policeman. The American was put under arrest for *lese-majeste*. Having a ready and plausible tongue, he said to the policeman, "To be sure, I said the Emperor was mad, but I meant the Emperor of Russia."

The policeman deliberated long. "Nein," he finally decided, "by a mad Emperor you could mean only ours."

The Kaiser is much more the arbiter than he is the creator. All through this war he has made de-

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cisions. The Kaiser creating Germany's military plans? Nonsense!

Take the case of Belgium. It was Moltke's plan to attack France through Belgium. It was not the plan of Falkenhayn, then Minister of War. Indeed, Falkenhayn opposed it, suggesting a shorter front and a terrific drive through Verdun. The Kaiser made the decision. Later, when one group of his General Staff officers demanded that every bit of Germany's strength be thrown on the Western front in the fall of 1916 and the other group demanded that a heavy blow come on the Eastern front, the Kaiser decided. He picked the Balkans and guessed right.

His private life is quite simple. He and the Empress are very good friends. They have two things in common, an intense love of religion and their children. Intellectually she is not the Kaiser's equal, but she is a good mother and is ever busying herself with work among the poor. The Kaiser is very proud of her; he still believes her beautiful.

Restless in mind and body, an insomniac, continually anxious to be on the move, the Kaiser is one of the most active men in the world. As Roosevelt is the healthy exponent of the strenuous life in America, so is the Kaiser its unhealthy exponent in Europe. Racing from front to front, putting the Imperial hand in everything, yet never clogging the machinery, the Kaiser is the most interesting figure of the war. His activity comes partly from an at-

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tempt to alleviate the pains of head and throat.

As his art and his music are conventional, so is his philosophy. Unlike many Germans, he has not been influenced by the writings of Nietzsche, Max Stirner, and Treitschke. He thinks on life like a Puritan.

To understand the Kaiser we must not take all his public utterances too seriously. We must judge him a bit of a "shirt-sleeves diplomat," and think that possibly he may be laughing up his sleeve half the time when he utters his bombastic saber-rattling words. The Kaiser is nobody's fool. No man who had foresight enough to discover what the restless Socialistic elements of his empire wanted and then to adapt those things as his own, making the principles of a socialized state come from the throne down instead of being belched up by revolution from the mob to the throne; no man who had sense enough to steal so cleverly the thunder of the German Socialists, so that when war came they stood by the Imperial throne in contradiction to all their socialistic doctrine; no man able to accomplish that is a mere egotistical fool. Ego he has; but not ego alone. He may be in these things an actor, a master mummer. His many uniforms are all a part of the imperial mummery. His fierce, upturned mustaches, his frowning brow—those are part of the game too; his war-like attitude, his bombastic speeches are but a part of the mask that hides the real Wilhelm II, the white Lohengrin of student

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days, with the dreaming eyes and the drooping mustaches and who now under the mask of Mars suffers with mental and physical pain. But he is the symbol of the German power and the symbol must be mighty—outwardly.

Says John W. Burgess, Roosevelt exchange professor of American history and institutions to Berlin, in 1906: "I firmly believe that there is no soul in this wide world upon whom the burden and grief of this great catastrophe so heavily rests as upon the German Emperor. I have heard him declare with the greatest earnestness and solemnity that he considers war a dire calamity, that Germany would never during his reign wage an offensive war and that he hoped God would spare him from the necessity of ever having to conduct a defensive war." Yes, this is a Crown Prince, *Junker*, Big Business, and Military Party—not a Kaiser—war.

Exceedingly intelligent, highly cultivated, possessed of mental processes that are often deep as well as swift and, sometimes, erratic, the Kaiser generally learns from a conversation what he wishes to know. His questions are searching, and he always listens more than he talks. His fund of knowledge upon the most diversified subjects is astounding. He can discuss a cooking utensil excavated from a Roman ruin as readily as the latest discovery in science. For it is part of the Kaiser's scheme of life to have around him always the leading men of the different branches of human activity. Let a sur-

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geon, a chemist, an industrial magnate, discover something new in Germany, and he is summoned to the imperial castle to tell His Majesty all about it. And the Kaiser retains these data in his amazingly accurate memory.

It has been said of Wilhelm II that he forgets his friends. What the Kaiser does do is to eliminate his friends, if they embarrass him, from official positions. But he does not forget. If they make one blunder that he considers dangerous to the welfare of the German people, out they go. But for old and tried officials passed out of service he always has a deep and sincere affection.

General von Moltke began in this war as Chief of Staff. The name Moltke was magic with the German soldiers. Before the war an intrigue was begun against him. In Berlin newspapers it was hinted that Moltke was "getting old," that the General Staff needed younger blood. Friends of Falkenhayn, then Minister of War, were desirous of seeing him in Moltke's place, and began to whisper to the Kaiser. The Kaiser stuck by Moltke. An opportunity came for Falkenhayn to push things to a crisis; the Zabern incident occurred in Alsace. Two German officers broke the regulations of the army and incensed the French blooded people of Alsace by that absurdly cruel action. There was a storm of protest against this example of the high-handedness of officers.

Falkenhayn seized upon the incident to win the

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army. He publicly sustained the conduct of Colonel von Reuter and Lieutenant von Forstner, the brutal idiots of Zabern. Contrary to the wishes of Moltke, the guilty officers were whitewashed instead of broken, and, indeed they were promoted. This was Falkenhayn's first definite success in his campaign against Moltke's job. But the Kaiser stuck by Moltke, although Falkenhayn, by whitewashing the offenders of Zabern, won nearly every officer in the German army.

There came the war, with Falkenhayn in charge of the administrative department. The hand of Moltke was on the throttle of the German war machine, but at the gates of Paris the mechanism jammed. After studying the situation, the Kaiser decided that Moltke was to blame. For few men in Germany did the Kaiser have such a close personal affection. One can well believe the story that there were tears in the Kaiser's eyes as he went to the Great Headquarters in France and told his old friend that he was through.

Back to Berlin went Moltke with a broken military reputation and a broken heart. He was in the discard. His rival Falkenhayn was made Chief of the General Staff. Scorned by the General staff officers in Berlin, Moltke sat in a dreary little office on the Königsplatz and went through the motions of work day by day. And day by day he died. And day by day the Kaiser always sent to Moltke some cheering personal note, or spoke to him over the

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telephone, a cheering personal word, or had him down to the castle for dinner. For although the Kaiser was finished with Moltke as an official, he still kept him as a friend,

CHAPTER III

FATHER AND SON

LONGWY, that small French fortress, was about to fall. The Imperial German Crown Prince emerged from the ironmaster's house at Esch-sur-l'Alzette in Luxemburg and hastened to receive the surrender of the garrison. For Frederick Wilhelm was to be advertised through Germany as the "Conqueror of Longwy"—and he was. The French commander, Colonel Darché, who had made a brave fight against big odds, tendered his sword to the Crown Prince. Military etiquette demanded that the Crown Prince return it to him, but the Kaiser's son took the sword with a sneer, broke it over his knee, and remarked: "You have not fought honorably." . . . Which the French army has never forgotten.

Later the heir to the Kaiser's throne sent a telegram to the Crown Princess. He mentioned the victory and added: "I live in a very pretty house belonging to an old lady. Souvenirs." And of course when one wires from the front, "Souvenirs," one means souvenirs. Ask the Baroness de Baye.

Now the Kaiser at this time also sent Crown Princess Cecilie a telegram: "My sincere thanks to you, dear child. I rejoice with you over the first victory of William. God aids him magnificently.

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May He be praised and thanked." . . . Here is a contrast between father and son; the Crown Prince wiring of souvenirs, the Kaiser attributing his success to God.

I have seen the Crown Prince. I have talked to men who know him well and who are cosmopolitan enough to discuss him without the prejudices of nationalism. From what I know and have been told by men who I believe were telling the truth, Friedrich Wilhelm, heir to the Kaiser's throne, is an utterly different person from the Crown Prince of our Sunday supplements. Not that he does not like to flirt, but he is not wholly given to philandering. To him pretty faces are mere episodes—one, two, three, four, etc. Have you read *The Affairs of Anatole*, by Schnitzler? Where the business of Imperial Germany is concerned, the Crown Prince is often very businesslike. Come with me and see him at his headquarters.

In one of those villages of France, unnamed in the despatches, church bells were galloping into that rhythmical clamor, which is meant to peal, in these days under the conqueror, as a promise of deliverance. I saw peasants in sabots and blue blouses clacking through the streets toward the little white-walled church, and the *bourgeois* townsfolk squeaked after them in shoes that might have been marked "Made in Germany"—and perhaps were—so ugly were their toes. On this one day of the week the captive village came to life. A chubby, black-robed

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curé herded his flock into the church, which quite by chance had been spared the burst of artillery; a venerable organ wheezed; intoning began and the souls of the people were at peace.

Not the soul of the Imperial Crown Prince. At dawn he had sprung from the old four-posted bed in the equally old château, and galloped off on a white horse—he is the kind of a man who likes to ride white horses. I saw his headquarters, a pretty, red brick schoolhouse, typically French with neat pots of shrubbery on the level lawn and pictures of lost Alsace framed on the white walls. But the books of war had superseded speller and primer, and in every room, where the children had used to try not to fall asleep when the lesson in that unpronounceable English came around, there were erect men now. Men in tight-fitting, gray-green uniforms peering at maps and reports, oblivious to anything going on around them. Around long littered tables they sat, statues.

Among them there sauntered this supple, slim, athletic man who to me always looks years younger than his age. His braided, corded Hussar uniform became amazingly well his finely trained body. Wide at the shoulders and tapering to a V at the waist it showed a care of living not his. He was Friedrich Wilhelm, heir to the Kaiser throne. There was a striking resemblance to his father—when his father was crowned—for this was not the carefree Crown Prince of peace time and the Riviera. Rather the war seemed to have matured him. Its grim,

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hard business shadowed flippancy; the light blue eye that generally seemed to be conceiving an escapade were serious; yes, troubled. For the Verdun offensive was at its crest and not an hour passed but the little clock just above his head ticked off hundreds of dead.

Overwhelmed by his rank as commander of the army assaulting Verdun, the Crown Prince spent, know, nineteen of every twenty-four hours in the school headquarters. Thither, by innumerable telegraph and telephone wires came the reports of the fighting. Typewriters rattled off reports for the great General Staff; officers scurried up to him with messages; the old generals—Heeringen, who reminded me of Tirpitz; and Haeseler, aged and shriveled like a mummy—were ever at his elbow. Ice-cold, almost indifferent, palpably concealing his anxiety over the operations, the Kaiser's heir listened to his officers, made brief comments, flung out orders curtly and glided about from staff table to table with his almost feline grace.

Above the rushing peals of the Sabbath bells blasted the familiar fanfare. The Kaiser was coming! Through the street of the town swept the imperial motor—as in the little white church the curate silently prayed that the black talons of Prussia's eagle be lifted from the land. Jerkily calling a few of his staff, the Crown Prince hurried from the schoolhouse to meet his father. Donning the fur-trimmed hat of the Death's Head Hussars and slip-

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ping on a gray army coat over his uniform, Friedrich Wilhelm stood at attention with his officers as the imperial car rolled up.

The greeting between father and son was entirely formal. A brisk business-like salute, a few short questions by the Kaiser and equally short replies by the son, and the two Hohenzollerns entered the schoolhouse. There in a room, apart from the ordered confusion of the main chamber of the staff, they conferred. In this room a relief map of Verdun and its environs, done in papier maché, lay on a table; every little gully and eminence showing, marked with German and French flags, the bloody battlefield lay before them in miniature. What passed between the Kaiser and his heir was not known even to officers of the Crown Prince's staff, but when their talk was ended the Kaiser called aside an old general and became quite vehement.

The irrepressible Friedrich Wilhelm, the Kaiser had learned—so an officer told me—had taken another of his rare “sporting chances” at the front, and bursting shrapnel had almost eliminated the Imperial German heir. For give the devil his due; the Crown Prince is no coward. For another of the Kaiser's worries in the war is that the throne heir, *bon vivant* though he is, will sooner or later be unable to curb the desire “to take a chance” which has always obsessed him and which in peace time led him to race a steeplechase and almost break the princely neck.

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War has locked the imperial closets to family skeletons. No longer does one hear publicly of tiffs and bickerings between Friedrich Wilhelm and his father. "I know only Germans," said the Kaiser to his people from the throne. To the members of his family he might at the same time have said, "We cannot disagree any longer, for we are all Germans." Certainly the strife between father and son, the stories that Berliners used to love to roll on their tongues in cafés, are to be heard no more. Continually at odds with the Crown Prince before the war, the Kaiser has had no obvious trouble whatever with him since Armageddon began. But trouble there is.

Much as I detest the gossip of European capitals concerning the Crown Prince, it is essential to gain a conception of his character. Like his father who was brought up in the Hohenzollern atmosphere, Friedrich Wilhelm was told from boyhood that some day he would rule the German Empire, ordained of God. Unless the Hohenzollerns abdicate, unless somebody kills the Crown Prince, he will so rule. But I have enough respect for his brains to believe that he will not rule, thinking he is ordained of God. Not that Friedrich Wilhelm will not profess that, but he is devoid of his father's religious mania. He is only thirty-four, but in those thirty-four years he has lived—quite.

To understand him to-day it must be recorded that when he was very young the Krupps gave him a

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birthday present. It was a miniature fortress built in his garden. It must also be recorded that when the little chap reached ten he was commissioned as an officer in a regiment of the Guards, given a sword almost as big as himself, and that he strutted around as a youngster will, in military regalia. Only remember that Friedrich Wilhelm when he was ten knew that some day he would be able to do with the soldiers of Germany as he wished. Conceive of him as a mere youth, surrounded by cannon, flags, drums. Is it any wonder that he grew up to be the "darling of the army"? Militarism was instilled in his mind when it could begin to think.

His other side; why dabble in it? Very often he has been deeply in love, and of course each time believed that it was the "great love." The third great love was Cecilie, whom he married; it was called a love match. It would be banal to record any happiness she may or may not have had. The few things I have mentioned, are merely to lay the foundation for an analysis of his Imperial Highness Friedrich Wilhelm in relation to the Kaiser.

Said he to his father before the war: "As a lieutenant in your army I owe you obedience in military affairs. But as a German citizen I have a right to hold what opinion I please."

In defiance of his father's wishes at the time of the Moroccan crisis, he went to the Reichstag, when that absurd firebrand, Heydebrand, leader of the Prussian *Junkers*, was screaming for war with

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France. Opposing his father's policy, the Crown Prince leaned out of the box and conspicuously applauded. The act made him the head of the war party in Germany.

Military discipline demanded that he return that night to his garrison in Dantzig. Instead he went to a performance of *Orestes* in the Berlin Opera House. The hotheads gave him a tremendous ovation. He received such a welcome that the start of the performance had to be delayed. The jingo newspapers of Germany came out the next morning and said that the Crown Prince was the real interpreter of the people's sentiments. That was too much for the Kaiser. He invited the Chancellor and his wife to dinner. Friedrich Wilhelm was discussed. Soon after there was published in an English newspaper an interview with the Crown Prince. The Chancellor gave out that interview; the Crown Prince never saw it. It made Friedrich Wilhelm protest that he felt only the most grateful sentiments for England, and that a wrong interpretation had been put upon his actions in the Reichstag. Imperial Germany was being diplomatic.

As leader of the War Party the Crown Prince was squelched by the Kaiser. But was he? To spread his popularity, Friedrich Wilhelm caused thousands of feet of moving pictures to be made of himself. They all showed him in friendly intercourse with his soldiers; and of course they spread popularity for him. So he went on gaining and gain-

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ing in strength with the army. By 1913 he had attempted to meddle in the affairs of the Kaiser's household. He refused to approve of the marriage of his sister to the young Duke of Cumberland until that person had renounced all rights to the throne of Hanover for himself and for his children. One quarrel after another with his father followed. The wedding took place; and the Crown Prince was not on hand to wish the honeymooners good-by.

Coming down closer to the European War, we find the Crown Prince, beloved of the hot heads and ruler of the War Party; and we find his father at odds with them and with his son. You remember the Zabern incident in the spring before war broke? Lieutenant von Forstener, during the course of trouble in Alsace, split open the head of a cripple with a sword slash. Every decent element in Germany roared out a protest. But the Crown Prince publicly approved of the Lieutenant's conduct and when the Kaiser ordered the regiment withdrawn from Zabern, the Crown Prince sent a sympathetic telegram to its Colonel. Then the Kaiser promptly removed the Crown Prince as commander of the Death Head Hussars; and as he left them, the Crown Prince said, "I may be separated from you, but my heart and spirit remain with you. The powerful tie that indissolubly unites you to me shall never be broken until the hour sounds for me to join the grand army."

What did those words mean? They meant until

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the hour struck for war. The editor of the leading German Socialist paper criticized the Crown Prince for making such a warlike statement; he was sentenced to three months in prison. Another newspaper condemned the Imperial heir; six months for that editor. For the Crown Prince has power. And then the war. There are ugly stories which I cannot confirm but which I have had whispered to me—an automatic pistol flourished by the Crown Prince at the Kaiser and the part the son had in forcing the order for war. To an American woman whom I know he said in peace time, "I love war."

Perhaps these things suggest to us why the Kaiser has not babied his heir during the war. What a chance to do that—war! How against that red background, the heir to the throne could be posed as a hero worthy of Valhalla. But the Kaiser has not done that. He has given Friedrich Wilhelm the position he deserves—nothing more. He has permitted no campaign of publicity to make a big figure of the Crown Prince; for the Crown Prince has done nothing in this war for which he should be made to stand as a Colossus before the eyes of adoring Germans in generations to come. It is the imperial way not to allow any of those who surround the throne to become too great, unless they actually merit greatness; and then, even then, only the Kaiser may be really "great."

The Crown Prince as he is to-day was shown to me in one of those little flashes that come and are gone,

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yet which leave a lasting impression. When the guard is changed at the Palace in Berlin, there is a great hubbub. Down the Linden march the soldiers; mounted policemen canter self-consciously. Behind them flies a huge square banner, suggesting a Russian church procession, or which indeed might have been seen in the annual outing of a Tammany club. To a smother of fuss and to an orgy of "goose stepping" the guard prances around. It is all very theatrical.

I thought of that when I saw the Crown Prince for the first time. The heir to the German throne was coming down the Linden. I looked for a mounted escort, for banners. I listened for a band. In vain! Instead, his royal Highness was riding in a little runabout. His vivacious wife, the pert Cecilie, in whose face there is a decided suggestion of Slavic beauty, was seated beside him. Four sons, dressed in sailor costume, were sprawled on the floor of the car. It might have been the car of a moderately well-off young American. I thought of a country club and "the wife and kids" being taken out for a Sunday ride. The heir to the throne of Germany, motoring down the principal street of the capital city without escort of any kind—incredible! But that's the Crown Prince—a master at playing to the grandstand.

He wore his uniform of the Hussars, nothing pretentious, the gray-green colors of the field. He seemed to be minding his own business, seeming not

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to care much whether anybody recognized him or not. But out of the corner of his eye he was watching for the pop-eyed Berliners along the line. Weaving the little car in and out through the traffic, he kept one hand on the wheel. With the other, he was busy waving gay "Good days" to the Berliners who rushed to the curb, shouting "*Hoch! Hoch!*" as he went by. I could imagine him muttering to himself, "Fools!"

The German Crown Prince is to-day probably one of the most misunderstood men of the world. It was an English statesman who remarked that when he ascended the throne Germany would go back to Goethe; meaning the Germans would again become steeped in sentimentality, song and beer. That remark is typical of the popular misconception of Friedrich Wilhelm. He is not merely indolent, indifferent, a seeker after pleasure. Instead, he is very much concerned with the job that is coming to him on the death of his father. He is utterly wrapped up in it. He is continually craving for more knowledge, more power. He wants to be equipped to be as shrewd a ruler as was Frederick the Great—his ancestral idol.

The Kaiser realizes his son's restlessness; his desire to be up and doing; and the Kaiser continually suppresses it. At one time there may be only one member of the House of Hohenzollern who can be great. The Crown Prince must wait. Wilhelm II—*Hoch!*

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To appease his son, the Kaiser, when the war broke out, put him in command of an army. Of course the thirty-four-year-old colonel, Friedrich Wilhelm, was not given full power over this army. The Kaiser surrounded him with some of the shrewdest old generals of his staff. He put close to him the bearded von Heeringen, and the aged Count Haeseler; these two old military wizards were assigned to the Crown Prince. Their names rarely appeared in print. It was the "Crown Prince's army" that drove into France and captured the big industrial center of Longwy at the outbreak of war. It was the Crown Prince's army that turned back the French drive toward Metz—not the Crown Prince's strategy, but old Haeseler's. Always the Kaiser had the assurance that his two able generals were present to keep his son from blundering. And the Crown Prince was just shrewd enough to realize how far his own ability went. Instead of fighting with these old generals, he consulted them at every opportunity, and took their advice. And the heart of the Kaiser was made glad; his belief in his son was vindicated. Some of the princely escapades of peace time were forgotten. But only for a time; for at Verdun the Crown Prince took things too often in his own hands and ran amuck.

Just how much the Crown Prince loves to take things in his own hands was shown in the case of a well-known American correspondent. This man secured an audience with his Imperial Highness. At

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that time the Crown Prince's headquarters were behind the Argonne Forest. He received the American with the utmost courtesy, threw down all conventional barriers, did not—as German bureaucrats in minor position have a way of doing—strive to make the American impressed with the fact that he was nobody. No, the Crown Prince is too clever for that; of course he merely tolerated the American to use him, but he talked to him at length. Then, instead of gracefully ridding himself of the interviewer, the Crown Prince prevailed upon him to stay at his headquarters for three days. He insisted, to the chagrin of some of his officers, that the American take all his meals with him. When the American expressed a desire to visit the firing line, the Crown Prince sent his own surgeon along with him. The American decided that the Crown Prince was a greatly maligned man. During the hours they spent together was not Friedrich Wilhelm continually asking him questions about America? Did he not yearn to come here to go shooting in the Rockies? He did.

Now for months this American correspondent had been working among some of the lesser bureaucrats at Wilhelmstrasse 76—the Foreign Office. He wanted to see the Kaiser. He told them that were he allowed to write a pen sketch of the Kaiser that it would do much to offset the opinion that America formed of Wilhelm II after the invasion of Belgium. (The lovely argument of every American correspondent in Berlin!) The bureaucrats held up

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their hands in horror—the All Highest one? *Ach!* But not the Crown Prince when the American broached it him. Friedrich Wilhelm saw the point at once, and told the correspondent that he would personally arrange for him to see his father, the Kaiser. The Crown Prince understands publicity values.

The American returned to Berlin. A week passed. One day he received a telephone call from the Crown Prince's headquarters, requesting him to come there at once. He went. He was told by the Crown Prince to go to Charleville, a town in France; he was advised that he would be met at the station by an officer who would take him to the Kaiser. The American hurried to Charleville. He was met at the station by an officer but not an officer of the army, rather an officer of the Foreign Office. This man coldly told him to return to Berlin.

“But I have an appointment to meet his Majesty,” the correspondent persisted.

The man from the Foreign Office looked bored. “His Majesty is no longer here.”

What could he do but to return to Berlin?

Now the point is that the Foreign Office had got wind of the Crown Prince's activities and had appealed to the Chancellor. From the time when the Kaiser's interview with a representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* raised a hornets' nest around the Imperial head, and brought trouble to one official after another at Wilhelmstrasse 76, the Foreign Of-

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fice has screamed in fright at the mere mention of an interview with the Kaiser. So, despite the fact that the Crown Prince had induced his father to talk for publication in American newspapers, the Kaiser dropped the matter as soon as it was brought up to him in a different light by Bethmann-Hollweg.

During this war the Kaiser has been anxious many times about the Crown Prince—lest he expose himself in the trenches and elsewhere. Twice he has privately rebuked him by telegraph. A born fighter, it has been extremely difficult, once at the front, for Friedrich Wilhelm not to watch the fighting at least. Also, it has been difficult for him not to observe an occasional pretty ankle. As heir to the German throne it is the Imperial policy that no harm must come to him either at or behind the front. Of the Kaiser's other sons, two have already been wounded; but when his Majesty got word that the Crown Prince had exposed himself with his staff on a hilltop used for observation purposes; that the Crown Prince had stood so boldly out in the open that the French shells began to rain down around him, one exploding fifty feet away, the Kaiser flew into a rage. He berated this thoughtlessness in permitting himself, the heir, to chance a wound.

You may believe it or not, but the soldiers in his army love Friedrich Wilhelm. He has made it his business to meet as many of them as possible. He has an uncanny memory for remembering the name of certain privates. He uses this gift. He will visit

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the men in their quarters and chat with them. They love him. That is good for the *morale*. It is easier for men to die in battle when they believe their commander has the personal welfare of each of them at heart. The soldiers of the Crown Prince's army have gossiped his "careful treatment" of them broadcast. The entire fighting male population of Germany to-day—except some Socialists—believe that the Crown Prince suffers mental agony every time he reads a new list of Germans killed or wounded. In war time people believe anything. The Crown Prince is a master of "mob psychology."

As he told William Bayard Hale, for American consumption: "Well, I suppose my most anxious concern is the welfare of my men. I know their labors and their gallantry, and I want to see them well fed, well clothed and with a decent place to lay their heads in rest. I can't do all I should like to do in the face of the deadly peril that overhangs the Fatherland, but what can be done to make comfortable the lot of these heroes shall be done if my labors and all the resources which I can command can avail to bring it about."

And as a disgusted Bavarian major, captured by the French at Souchez, said of Friedrich Wilhelm:

"He is a royal mountebank. To try and justify the hopes his people have in him, he will sacrifice every soldier in his army, unless he is removed from command."

The Kaiser is continually warning the Crown

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Prince not to be too "democratic." While the Emperor dotes on that impulse, which is a characteristic of the Hohenzollerns, to stop and talk to some one far below him in station, yet he does it but rarely. The Kaiser was quite exasperated on the occasion of a visit to the Crown Prince's headquarters to have the dignity of a stately Imperial review broken continually as the Crown Prince would call to one soldier after another by name in the ranks. The Kaiser does not share the Crown Prince's belief that men are better soldiers because their superior officers know and recognize them personally.

At Christmas, in 1915, Friedrich Wilhelm sent broadcast a public telegram that made the German nation sit up and gasp, and then applaud. The telegram was from his field headquarters. It said: "For Christmas present send my soldiers rum. They need it more than Christmas trinkets." Spectacular but true. On cold, damp nights in the trenches, a nip of rum is often necessary. One familiar with the German military organization knew that the Crown Prince had only to requisition rum of the supply department, and it would come to him through the regular channels; but instead of that, he sent the "human interest" telegram broadcast. Copies of it were reprinted on blaring posters and hung in shop windows. In that way the Crown Prince enhanced his reputation as a "real human being" with the welfare of the soldiers at heart—another evidence of his favorite trick, dust throwing.

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The Crown Prince ardently believes in the stern philosophy of Stirner and Nietzsche. His chief hero is not his renowned ancestor, Friederick the Great, whom he idolizes, but Napoleon, of whose campaigns he never tires reading. In the conventional church-going sense, the Crown Prince is a Christian. His life, however, suggests more the Dionysian.

The Kaiser begrudges the popularity of his son with the army. The officers know Friedrich Wilhelm for a dare-devil, a reckless horseman, huntsman, polo player, driver of racing cars. The army applauded when the Crown Prince rode and won a famous steeplechase and almost broke his neck. It is whispered around his headquarters that during this war he has made a trip in an aëroplane over the French lines. The Kaiser tries to keep his son in a glass case, but Friedrich Wilhelm is always smashing the glass, and risking his neck or his reputation as a rake, "reformed."

To see father and son together one would never believe them related, unless one had seen a picture of Wilhelm II twenty years ago. Outwardly Wilhelm II is all grim Hohenzollern. To-day he has the family traits in every feature. The Crown Prince has only suggestions of facial resemblance. His face lacks the soldierly spirit that seems to stare out from the vistage of his father. As the two stride along together, the Kaiser looks to be a big, able, serious-thinking man. His son is an easy, careless, insouciant sort of a man, cynically smiling; the kind one

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doubts will ever grow up. But they are very much alike. They walk with the same half swagger. They both like to tap a riding crop on their boots. They both have the same quick gestures. They both are unmistakably shrewd.

The Kaiser is continually watching the popularity of his son. At the outbreak of the war the Kaiser caused a soft pedal to be put on publicity for the Crown Prince. In peace time the Crown Prince had given vent to many war-like statements. The Kaiser judged it a good thing to keep him in the background for more reasons than one; the chief, however, being the menace to the Kaiser's own popularity.

Now the Kaiser knows about everything that is going on in his empire. In the General Staff there sits one officer whose duty it is to prepare a special newspaper for the Kaiser. This is composed of clippings from all parts of the world. The officer judges what clippings should be brought to the notice of his Majesty; pastes them up, and sees that they are printed. The man who is entrusted with this work of selection for the Emperor is Colonel von Herwarth von Bittenfeld, a former military attaché to the United States. Thus at a glance the Kaiser can tell every day what is going on that he ought to know.

The Kaiser has another department in the General Staff which passes upon every article and every photograph and drawing in every newspaper or peri-

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odical in Germany. Until this department stamps its approval on a picture, it cannot be printed. Now, orders are never issued on such things—but a whisper. Pictures of the Crown Prince did not appear to any extent until after the first few months of the war; and then magically they came out in newspapers, illustrated magazines, and booklets. At the same time pictures of Hindenburg disappeared; Hindenburg was becoming too popular for the moment and the German people were losing sight of their Crown Prince. A push of the button and the thing was changed. The Kaiser decides all that.

He has kept his eye on his son throughout the entire war. He has gaged the popularity of his son with the people, making Friedrich Wilhelm just a bit more popular if he needed it; taking away some of his popularity when it was getting too great. The heir to the throne must never fill the minds of the people more than his father does—that is a Wilhelm II axiom.

One might think that the German failure at Verdun would have dealt the prestige of the Crown Prince a heavy blow, for it was the army of the Crown Prince that attacked Verdun. Thousands of German families lost loved ones in that offensive, and they all knew that the loved one was in the Crown Prince's army. When after the enormous price had been paid, and still the fortress did not fall, there was discontent in Germany.

But the prestige of the heir to the throne must

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never be dealt a heavy blow. The Emperor at once dismissed eighteen generals in the Crown Prince's army. The implication was, of course, that these generals were responsible for the failure of the Crown Prince. Then to wipe the slate clean, to clear away any doubt that might still be attached to the Crown Prince, the Kaiser removed Falkenhayn as chief of the General Staff. And then the German people could look at Falkenhayn's picture and say, "He did it. He blundered. That's why we didn't get Verdun." By those measures, of his father, the reputation of the Crown Prince as a military man was saved. Of course, if Verdun had fallen, the Crown Prince would have received an imperial telegram of congratulation. So the Kaiser pulls the strings.

When the Crown Prince's regiment was garrisoned in Potsdam, he attended the golden wedding jubilee of a poor cobbler and his wife. As he left, he said, "I shall live to see the day when Social Democrats will be received at court." When the Crown Prince and his staff, racing to catch up to his victorious army, motored into Longwy, the natives amid a great clattering of sabots ran to their houses and flattened themselves against the wall to avoid being drenched by the jets of mud thrown up by the wheels of the whirling princely chariot. "Slow up," the Crown Prince told his chauffeur. "Those poor people should be allowed to walk on the streets with-

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out trouble from us. . . . Stop the car." Taking out his purse he then flung a handful of silver into a group of blinking little French boys and girls. "Great sport, eh!" he grinned, leaning back on the cushioned seat. An hour later, he broke the sword of the gallant French defender of Longwy.

That's the kind of a man the Crown Prince is—easy going, vile tempered. He is a person of contrasts, of impulses—an imperial paradox. The same hand that tossed the silver coin to the children of Longwy and insulted its brave defender, might with great delight strike down a French peasant if he happened to step on the Crown Prince's immaculately polished boots. His way is not the stern, insanely religious way of his father. He is more complex. The Kaiser realizes this, which is one reason why he is continually watching his son, protecting his son from his moments of impulse. The Kaiser knows those moments of impulse well. He had them himself and did not master them, even when he came to the throne.

Now if you can get a Berliner to express an opinion upon the Crown Prince, he will say, "*Unbeschriebenes Blatt*"—unwritten page. Absurd! The page of the Crown Prince is written. It is written in his face. It is written in the gossip about him. Already too many stories have been written and whispered about his Imperial Highness for some of them not to be true. Thirty-four years of his life have

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passed, yet of him a Berliner will fatuously say, "Unwritten page." A national trait, that—truth is only what you want to believe.

I remarked to a German cavalry officer that the Crown Prince rode in a different manner from any German I had ever seen; that he sat on a saddle with his legs sticking out stiff, not clinging to the body of the horse. "Oh, the Crown Prince," remarked the officer, "does everything different from any of us." He is indeed the hyper-futurist among heirs to empire; and his father knows it well. But then a Hohenzollern is anointed of God and can do no wrong.

By a mere word, by an order to the German Press Bureau, the Kaiser could cause the Crown Prince to be advertised before the German people into as big a hero as Hindenburg. But the Kaiser has not spoken the word, and since Verdun the Crown Prince has been very much out of the news in Germany. Wilhelm II has quarreled with his son so publicly that every sparrow in Germany chattered about it. Of course, to present a united Germany to his people and to the enemy he has not quarreled publicly with the Crown Prince during the war. But one wonders if the Kaiser wants Friedrich Wilhelm to come to the throne. For there was an Austrian heir to empire who "caused the war" by being slain.

The ways of Imperial Germany are dark and strange.

CHAPTER IV

THE WAR LORD

A PALL of grayish clouds ringed the dreary Russian sky. Smoke poured up into the heavens, yellowed and streaked with red—the glare from the burning fortress of Novo Georgievsk. Down a road torn by the passage of heavy guns I saw an endless procession toil on. From blazing Novo they came shuffling on under orders, whither they knew not, soldiers all, clad in the mousey-green color of Russian regimentals. Prisoners by the thousands, they shuffled on under the grim gray of their native land.

On a great plain that in the distance rolled up into little swells where the outer fortifications lay, German troops were gathering. I heard a bugle wail; I saw bayonets flash, miles of them. Faintly the hoof-beats of the Hussars and Uhlans could be heard. The neighing of horses, deep cries; the soldiers were coming nearer.

In the middle of the plain a group of officers waited. From them a horseman clattered and dashed across the field to the road where the Russian prisoners shuffled by. There some men who were digging Russian artillery out of the mud with eight horse teams were talking too loudly. All must be silence. The Kaiser was coming.

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The silence that one feels in a great cathedral descended for a time over the plain. It was broken only by the whinnying of horses and the snapping of lance pennons in the summer breeze. Then the miles of bayonets came nearer, divided, and glistened down opposite sides of the plain. In the road an automobile stopped and, surrounded by an escort of officers, a man walked toward the center of the field. The marching bayonets came nearer. The pace quickened; the footfalls of the gray-green men became a roar. Bayonets flashed and flashed. In a trice a vast hollow square formed. Bayonets, wiped of their red, glistening against the smoky, glowing sky. Cavalry by the thousands clattered up on the wings, the Death's Head Hussars, the white skulls on the hats showing in sinister array. The whole plain filled with bayonets, marching and thickening the walls of the vast hollow square. In the center of this square, I saw one man.

He was a man in gray green. At his feet empty cartridges were strewn. To his left, where in the distance the ground rose, he saw the earthworks of Fort 16A. To the right he saw what was left of Fort 16B. Links these, in the outer chain of Novo's defenses; bowls these, dug in the ground, concrete lined, and strewn now with abandoned cannon, with rifle butts, and the dead. The man wore the high-collar and gold leaves of a general. Over it a long, gray overcoat which stirred with the wind, showing a flash of scarlet lining, hung gracefully from his

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straight back. He leaned lightly on a yellow cane. Strapped to his coat, within easy reach of his right hand, was a brown leather revolver holster. His face was radiant, his manner eager. The Kaiser was in high spirits.

As he stood alone in the center of the vast, hollow square, bands played, until the last ranks of bayonets gleamed into position. Then the music ceased. Hardly a sound—I heard only the shuffling pilgrimage of the Russian prisoners passing endlessly down the road.

The Kaiser began to speak. When he came to a point he wished to emphasize he thrust his cane into the ground. His voice was slow, high pitched, but as clear as a bell. Steady and penetrating, his words jumped forth like sparks. He frequently stopped, and during these pauses he would glance sometimes at that symbol of the hour, the blazing fortress of Novo. Again he would stare at his soldiers, peering into one face after another for the length of a whole line.

“I have hurried here,” slowly said the Kaiser, “to give you the thanks of the Fatherland. God has been with us and to-day you were the undying oak leaves of victory. God being still with us, you will go on to new victories. The thanks of my heart I give you and we all give thanks to the Lord of Hosts. My comrades, the Fatherland thanks you, and its prayers go up to God for you.”

In that staggering silence where thousands of men

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spoke not a word, hanging on the lips of the Kaiser and striving to catch everything he said, on that battle plain, cluttered with dead cartridges and alive with the men who only hours before had stormed the fortress of Novo Georgievsk, one thought of the painting "Friedland." It was as if one were gazing at that canvas of Meissonier and that magically the scene had come to life. It was as if one had found himself in "Friedland" full of trampled grain, standing by the Conqueror while his cavalry, sabers high, thundered by. Over a century ago was "Friedland," yet on this August day of 1915 as the German Emperor stood in the middle of a vast Polish plain and thanked his troops, all the romance, chivalry and horrors of centuries of war seemed to live again.

The soldiers listened spell-bound to the Kaiser. He stopped in his speech often. He seemed unable to take his gaze from the red distances where Novo, the last stronghold of the Czar in Poland, burned. He must have thought what that meant, the fall of the great fortress. His imagination must have pictured the river Vistula open now from one flank of the German army to the other. He must have considered that this meant no more hauls of supplies over the frightful Polish roads, no more exhaustion of transport horses and motor-cars. Beyond the flaming citadel of Novo he must have conjured up the river—barges, flying the black, white and red; barges

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heavy with army supplies floating by. For Novo had fallen.

It was an hour of great triumph for the Kaiser. Buoyancy marked his every move. He was jolly and disposed to talk freely with any one. Like a dandy he swung his yellow cane. He told his soldiers how upon receiving word of Novo's fall that he had rushed across the country to meet them and thank them. He expressed himself as delighted that some of the most difficult part of the attack had been done by *Landsturm*, men far over the military age limit. And then—

“Farewell, my troops,” the Kaiser called.
“Farewell, comrades!”

A murmur from thousands of throats leaped into a roar. “Adieu, your Majesty!” An officer's voice rang out, “Three cheers for our Kaiser!”

From battalion to battalion the cheers roared, mounting and gathering into a deafening sound, and then the bands began to play and the cheering blended majestically into the Kaiser Anthem. Alone in the center of the square the Kaiser stood at the salute with his hand on the rim of his helmet. Not once until the last bars of the anthem had died away did the Kaiser lower his arm.

A foreigner felt almost like an intruder, out of place in this medieval world. The Kaiser had seemed to talk to his soldiers like a father, and like children they had received his words. It was im-

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possible to think of that "Kaiser parade" as a mere military review. There was in the Kaiser's face as he stood there alone a suggestion of supreme unshaken confidence, of fearlessness for the future, of profound gratitude to these soldiers who stood about him; and a shade of sadness for those who could no longer stand. One saw a reflection of that mood, an understanding of it, in the rapt face of a private. On that Polish plain you could feel the spirit of the German army. You thought of them—Kaiser, soldiers, all—as being in a world centuries too late. They seemed all to come out of the pages of history—the flashing bayonets, the snapping pennons, the death's heads of the Hussars.

Bayonets flashed, feet shuffled, the hollow square began to dissolve. It opened out into wings which moved back like the sticks of a fan. Gaily the Kaiser waved.

"Farewell, my soldiers! Farewell, comrades!" Down toward Warsaw his motor snorted, and behind, in the dreary Russian sky, Novo's glow was reflected; and for mile after mile its stolid captured defenders shuffled on. It was impossible not to think of Cæsar riding in at the head of droves of prisoners brought back from the wars.

Now I fully realize that the picture I have painted exudes the feudalistic spirit of Germany at war. It reeks with the exultation of the Conqueror. And I have so written because such was the spirit which I caught that day on the Polish plains. And I have

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endeavored to bring that spirit home to America, so that they may see how the German army and the Kaiser feel—*when things go well*. But I shall also show a contrast—how the Kaiser looks when *things* do not go well—a conception of the War Lord, quite cold, without the glow of victory. It was at Charleville; the French were shattering the German lines with terrific artillery fire. The Kaiser was worried to distraction. And this is how he looked—I quote a French prisoner who wrote of him in the *Dépêche de Toulouse*:

“On one of those occasions when the Kaiser would go to church, where he loved to direct the musical masses in honor of his good old God, in the evening of the day when I escaped from Charleville to rejoin the French army, I found myself on the path of this Emperor who was passing less than three yards away from me. With a high shining helmet, he wore a uniform of dull greenish cloth, and long gold spurs. If I had not known that it was he, I should not have recognized him. He is not a bit like his bustling portraits. My word! He would like well enough to startle the world, but his bragging is cooling off. Some people say that he is mad, agitated, wild; he seemed to me on the contrary, cowed, drubbed, beaten. His mustache no longer rose in its insolent swagger. It is cropped and it is even believed that a part of it has been lopped off. His face is puffy and at the same time emaciated. His color is that of yellow straw and the doctors of these parts in-

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form me that this is a bad sign. When this dismal gentleman passed in front of me, I made him a low bow for the sole reason of avoiding hanging, for the conceited animal exacts a profound deference from civilians. Then he looked at me in a moody anxious way and smiled nervously, disclosing a double row of gleaming false teeth. This decrepit tiger has an artificial plate!"

That is the Kaiser in defeat. He has been that way often. But, of course, a correspondent never sees it; a correspondent sees him only in victory—for reasons quite obvious. But German officers see Wilhelm II both in despair and on the heights; and some German officers will talk. Another side of the Kaiser at the front was described to me. It happened on the road to Malines—every mile of which is photographed on my memory.

After you leave Brussels come the crosses. Not a mile of the highway to Malines but has that most terrible of crucifixes, the cross above a soldier's grave; youth, nailed. Dense grow these crucifixes, denser and denser as the solid cobbled road tunnels through the gloom of dirty villages and lays its course like an arrow toward Malines.

Crosses, graves—crosses, graves! The mind is stunned with them. There in the fields the roots of growing things had stirred the soil but nothing grew now, only crosses protruded stiffly from the ground. And near the crosses, grim, gray-walled peasant houses, silent barnyards, stricken orchards,

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whole sections with broken dangling branches, swept by the fury of the guns. . . . A silent road, this road to Malines, the peasants who dwell along it living, yet seeming dead; dazed beings who at a rifle's crack no longer start or run, satiated it would seem with being killed. Even death has become a bore in this land that God forgot.

Down this road to Malines came the German Emperor. A thudding squad of scouts churned up the mud with their motor cycles and streamed it spattering against the gray stone houses that crowd the street. "Zuruck!" they shouted. "Back!" And before the wrath of the Kaiser's motor cyclists, swarthy Belgians, lounging on the streets, darted back into doorways, muttering "*Sacré!*" and scowling after the whirling soldiers, remembering those red days of 1914.

A blast of motor trumpets and the peasants as quickly forgot the motor cyclists. Something indeed of importance was transpiring. Approaching, they could see three automobiles. The cars had on the war paint, the gray-green of the German army. They madly trumpeted their horns; and then there were more horns, not so powerfully voiced as on the cars—another squad of motor cyclists bringing up the rear.

In the first car rode staff officers of the Governor-General of Belgium and of the Kaiser. In the second car sat the Kaiser in earnest conversation with von Bissing. Aides and personal secret service men

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filled the last car. And so to the piping and blaring of horns and a great splashing of mud the imperial entourage rolled on toward Malines. As the shell-bored tower of old St. Rombold dimly took Gothic shape above the distant poplars, the crosses along the road multiplied. Silently they must have said to the Kaiser as they did to me—"and as the fighting came closer to Malines, more of us fell. See! By the thousands." Across the fields, to the rim of trees, crosses . . . crosses.

A motor cycle scout, rushing past, observed that the Kaiser was staring out at the fields. In vain, did the cold, precise von Bissing wait to continue his stupid analysis of the *dummheit* of these Belgians who refused to work. It was doubtless quite impossible for a man with his contemptuous view of life to comprehend the set stare of his master, the troubled eyes which, as they surveyed the fields of soldiers' graves, grew sadder and sadder.

Then the Kaiser saw an exceedingly large mound. It was monstrously sinister. It was as if fifty mounds had been sodded into one; and a tiny cross marked it. . . . The Kaiser snatched up the silvered speaking tube that hung at his elbow. "Halt!" he ordered the chauffeur. "Halt!" blew the signal horn of the Imperial car. The lead and rear motors likewise ground to a stop. The motor cyclists wheeled and circled round and round the Kaiser's car.

"Come," said the Emperor as his footman, a

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Pomeranian grenadier, threw open the limousine door and stood at attention. Concealing his perplexity, Belgium's Governor-General crossed the road with his master, approached the monstrous mound, the *Massengrabe*, the "grave of the massed dead."

The officers from the other cars hurriedly joined them. All around them the land reached away, ever thrusting some object against the gray sky, inevitable reminders of Belgium's travail. There to the north a shell-riddled factory; above the tree clump facing the Kaiser, he could see the dangling cupola of a church, almost shot away, clinging by some perversely strong steel bands, and swaying sometimes in a wind. Burned barns, battle-blasted orchards, an exaggeration of muddy ponds in the fields all about—the craters of gigantic shells flooded now with recent heavy rains. And at the Kaiser's feet the soldiers' graves.

Some of the habitual snap was gone from his stride as he approached the "grave of the massed dead." Indeed, the Emperor seemed weary, although the sun had yet to reach noon in the dreary gray heavens. Slow and heavy of foot, his head bowed in thought, walking by himself, his officers suiting their actions to his mood, the Kaiser plodded through the field until he stood before the tiny cross on the monstrous mound. "*Massengrabe*," he read. "Dead in the battle before Malines. Rest in peace. October, 1914."

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Slowly the Kaiser turned his head and surveyed the long grave from end to end. How many men under that little cross? Were they young and snatched all too soon from the joys of life? Or were they middle-aged, and back in little German villages were their wives grieving and in want? The grave of the massed dead. His dead, *his* people lay there—because of him. The exigencies of war had left no time for separate burials; instead they had been dumped, like rubbish in a pit, and covered up, these men who had given their all for *him*.

“O God,” cried the Kaiser, and he fell on his knees beside the grave of the massed dead and prayed.

For five minutes he knelt thus, his knees in the muddy field, his hands pressed rigidly before his chest. And when with bowed head the Kaiser walked slowly toward the car, deep anguish distorted his face. “God knows,” he spoke. “God knows, I did not will this.” To the fanfare of trumpets, and a great piping of whistles, the Imperial car left the massed dead behind. . . .

The Emperor has a horror of an invalid’s death. He trembles at the thought of it. For he knows how his Hohenzollern ancestors died—from disease. At the front, although to get into the mood of the thing he will eat at field kitchens, he surrounds himself with physicians. He lives in fear of the throat disease that killed the Kaisers before him. Whenever Wilhelm II visits the front, he is accompanied not

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only by his military staff but by a staff of eminent physicians. On the Kaiser's order they investigate to see that no epidemic is about; they analyze the air to see if it will injure his lungs; they test the dampness of the climate so that he may leave if it may do him harm. At the front in France the Kaiser contracted a cold. At once he canceled all appointments. He went to bed. He took one hot drink after another. He demanded every kind of gargle, pill, and poultice that his staff of physicians could prescribe. He had the vicinity of the house carefully swept. He ordered every room disinfected. If an officer coughed or sneezed, he was at once dismissed from the imperial entourage. To Wilhelm II a man with catarrh is as dangerous as a man with a bomb. That is the Kaiser's obsession, a dread of little maladies that might bring on serious illness.

Once he motored across Belgium. He feared assassination; and who could blame a grief-maddened Belgium? After the cars filled with secret service men passed, there came the imperial limousine. Within, sitting alone in full Kaiser regalia, was a wax likeness of Wilhelm II. Behind that another car of secret service men and then in an old automobile, covered with blankets, slouched down in the corner, hiding, sat the German Kaiser.

Afraid of "cold death"—away from the accompaniment of battlefield fervor? Yes. Afraid of his generals, of the men under him? No. He deals with them ruthlessly. . . .

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“Calais must fall,” was the Kaiser’s command to General von Kluck. A conference with his chief of staff had caused the Kaiser’s decision. The calculating staff chief had studied the problem of reserves. Yes, he could afford to let von Kluck assume so many thousands of losses in killed and wounded. He could allow von Kluck to pay a heavy price for Calais. It was judged worth the buying. So reserves, men, guns and ammunition poured through Begium for the front near Dunkirk on the sands. And as he planned the attack there came to von Kluck the message from the Kaiser. “Calais must fall.”

That battle is history: how Kluck began his terrific onslaught against the British lines, feeding one regiment after another into the dripping jaws of war; how, when after days of pounding and the Canadians had drawn upon their last reserves, when it seemed to need but another day’s driving by von Kluck to break through, his attacks suddenly ceased. We know the price the Germans paid for Calais, without getting it. “Calais must fall,” the Kaiser had commanded.

To the headquarters of General von Kluck, near Dunkirk, the Kaiser came some months later. Concerning what transpired there you have to rely upon the whispered stories of German officers and piece them together. Certainly it was a stormy meeting between the redoubtable von Kluck and his Imperial master. The officers of von Kluck’s staff in the little

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white-walled villa, where headquarters were, felt a tension in the air, from the moment the Imperial motor rolled through the iron-picketed gateway and swerved round to the steps where von Kluck awaited his Emperor.

With a curt "Good day" the Kaiser greeted him. There was no reception. He proceeded at once to von Kluck's study. The officers observed that the Kaiser was frowning. The door to the study closed behind them. There was but one interruption, and that was when von Kluck sent for his own Chief of Staff. One hour, two hours passed, with the officers of the staff anxiously waiting the outcome of the conference upstairs. At last they heard the door open. The Kaiser came down, followed by von Kluck. Wilhelm II walked with quick, nervous steps, snappily returned the officers' salutes and without saying a word went straight to his car. General von Kluck stamped at his heels, his face scarlet and his eyes flashing. With the utmost formality the Kaiser took leave of him, and to the sing-song of the electric trumpets the car rolled away.

All the officers breathed easier. The storm had passed over. Expectantly they waited for von Kluck to speak, but he went to his study and ate dinner there alone. . . . Some weeks later General von Kluck recklessly exposed himself on the firing line and was brought back to Germany wounded. He recovered, but in Germany he remained. I saw him in his garden. Although a perfectly well man, for one

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year he has done nothing—nothing but remain in his home and conjecture on what might have been. “Calais must fall,” the Kaiser warned him; and failure is the one sin that the Kaiser will not forgive.

These roads of Belgium have impressed little human pictures on the Kaiser’s memory. Once—so they say—as the Imperial motor was leaving Brussels for the French frontier, tearing southward at fifty miles an hour, it came upon a dog-cart. Now a Belgian dog-cart is a most perverse thing. It can go just so fast and no faster. Also it invariably progresses in a straight line, as if on a track. It happened that the middle of the road was in bad condition, and the Emperor’s chauffeur was racing along the edge of the ditch. And ahead the Belgian dog-cart moved along the ditch. The Kaiser’s electric horn sounded—just a matter-of-fact blast at first, as if the Imperial chauffeur expected the dog-cart to eliminate itself at once.

But one of those human equations stalked along the road from Brussels that day. The man in the blue blouse who walked beside the dog-cart, whose milk cans hung along the sides of the cart, may have had some relation to the war. Perhaps his brother had been shot down by the Germans. Perhaps his son.

The horn on the motor blared, but the man refused to get out of the way. He looked like just an ignorant Belgian peasant. He wore heavy boots, a blue homespun suit, a blue blouse, a blue cap. He

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heard the rasping of the alarm. A glance once over his shoulder told him that the Kaiser's car was bearing down on him. A word to his dog and he could have cleared the road, yet he refused. Sharper and angrier became the blasts from the horn. The Belgian pretended not to hear. The Kaiser's chauffeur was in a rage. It is not difficult to imagine him muttering to himself, "All right, if the fool won't get out of the way, let him take the consequences."

A last warning yelp from the horn and with a nicety of driving that prevented a fatality, but which served his purpose completely, the Kaiser's chauffeur swerved the car until it just grazed the wheels of the dog-cart and sent it tumbling over into the ditch. Milk cans flew in the air; dog and master tripped in a tangle of rope and harness.

"Halt!" shouted the Kaiser into the speaking tube of the limousine. "Back!" he ordered.

The chauffeur slowly backed until he was opposite the wrecked dog-cart. The Belgian proudly stood beside his dog, with chin high, his eyes blazing in rage.

"Hog!" he cried to the Kaiser's chauffeur. "You want all the road?"

"Swine!" retorted the chauffeur.

"Silence!" commanded the Kaiser, opening the limousine door. Then he demanded to know what had happened. He heard the Belgian's story, and then his chauffeur's.

"If I catch you in a business like this again," the

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Kaiser warned his chauffeur, "off you go to the front. Suppose you had overturned my car?"

"As for you," said the Kaiser, turning to the Belgian, "report yourself to the *Kommandant* of your district as being under arrest."

And the Kaiser wonders why the Belgians are not grateful for the "efficiency" that his administration is putting into the country.

The Kaiser has a love of the theatrical at the front. One cannot emphasize that too much. Specially conducted visits to headquarters, special audiences for American correspondents with every one of their guard—those things do not reveal the Kaiser as a man. You get that from the stories of the soldiers back from the front, and from things that you see by chance.

I went to a little village behind the Somme where General von Einem used to have his headquarters. I saw a typical French village of heavy stone houses that would have lasted for generations, had not the shells blasted them from the ground; a village of narrow, cobbled streets, abounding in signs that the affixment of advertisements to walls is prohibited; a village of shuttered windows behind which the inhabitants cautiously peer whenever a German army motor containing officers passes; a captive village, its walls pasted with proclamations of the Conqueror, telling the French dwellers what they may and may not do. It is one of countless little villages of Northern France, filled with frugal, hardworking,

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ignorant folk. Among them the tales of atrocities, of terrors of the German invasion, ran like wildfire. The people there live in dread, dread that something is going to happen; that some soldier will quarrel with a peasant; that a street fight will start; with the inevitable result of frenzy among a captive populace and its suspicious guards—bloodshed, perhaps burning. To this village—I was told—the Kaiser came.

The mothers of the village had, I found, repeated every story of the German invasion that terrified refugees had brought to their ears. Here where von Einem had his headquarters such stories had taken deep root. I found the natives were sullen; they rarely ventured out on the street. Mothers did not often let their children go out alone, for they feared the gray-green-clad soldiers. Down the street of this little place rolled the Kaiser's automobile. The fanfares of the electric trumpets woke the echoes and struck terror into the hearts of French mothers. The Kaiser, arch fiend of all the German fiends, was coming! What did it mean? Doors were locked. The streets were deserted by the natives. Only German soldiers clumped by in their heavy boots. The Kaiser's car rolled on, and frightened faces pressed against the window panes to watch it pass. What would he do? They soon learned.

In front of Einem's headquarters a pretty little dark-haired French girl was sitting on the curb. Her bare feet rested on the muddy cobbles. She

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was tired. She had had quite a busy day, for she had taken her baby visiting. It was not such a pretty baby—just a thing of stuffed sawdust with a stupidly painted face. Fifty centimes would have been a high price for that doll.

The imperial car drew up alongside the curb where little mademoiselle sat. She was not particularly interested in this car; her doll interested her far more. There were German automobiles always passing through the village, but there was only one sawdust doll. As the Kaiser saw the little French girl, he stopped. Something in her face caught him. She looked tired, lonesome and wistful, yet splendidly irresponsible with her little bare feet kicking out over the cobbles. As the Kaiser stood looking down at her, the iron-jawed von Einem strode forward from the inn to greet his Majesty.

“So, Einem,” called the Kaiser, “what have you here? Pretty little French maids to dress this ugly barn in which you live?”

Einem’s face softened. He is one of those contradictions of human nature that one finds so often in a general. He is capable of calmly, coldly sacrificing a thousand men in battle and then of feeling his heart touched by some little atom of humanity. In every army there are many such.

“Well, little girl,” said the Kaiser, speaking to her in French, “where are your playmates?”

“Their mothers won’t let them come out.”

“And why is that, pray?” continued the Kaiser.

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“Because the bad Germans are here.”

“So? The bad Germans,” and the Emperor laughed uproariously. “*Einem, that is Kolossal! No?*”

Reaching down, the Kaiser held out his hand. “And you’ll let me see your doll, won’t you?”

She nodded with a glad little smile. The Kaiser patted her black hair. As he held the doll in his hand and tried to move the arm, the worn-out cloth ripped. The doll’s arm fell off and the sawdust trickled to the street. The little girl’s eyes filled with tears. Vainly the Kaiser sought to placate her.

“*Ach, Einem, we are barbarians. Here go I ripping off an arm.*”

In the deft, sympathetic manner he can bring into play, the Kaiser managed to calm the little French girl. He pressed some money in her hand.

“Go to your mother,” he said, “and tell her that the German Emperor carelessly injured your doll. Tell her that he is going to send to Berlin for a new one.”

Again patting the child on the hands, the Kaiser took leave of her. With von Einem he entered the little inn that did service as headquarters. The Kaiser chuckled.

And now turn the page; see the other side of the picture. Bear in mind the Kaiser talking to that French child—then consider that when his Germans retreated from the Somme, he permitted them to ab-

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duct French women as young as fifteen years—and conceive of him now sitting in the imperial room at the Great Headquarters of Charleville; picture an aide bringing in to him the news that an imperial submarine had sunk the *Lusitania*; picture the bodies of babies washed up on the coast of England; the submarine commander who slew them being decorated by the Kaiser's order. Conceive of the Kaiser in his same room ordering the Zeppelins over England, permitting tons of explosives to be dumped down upon cities; killing women and children. And then think of him, if you can, as patting the head of the little French girl. . . . It is baffling indeed, unless one grasps Imperial Germany and divides its Kaiser, like itself, into two personalities; the one human and the other inhuman—believing only that the end justifies the means. In judging the Kaiser, bear in mind that he sincerely believes that he is anointed of God and therefore can do no wrong; and that anything, any of the crimes of Imperial Germany, *Lusitanias*, and Zeppelins over cities, are quite all right because they are ordered by Wilhelm II, who rules "by grace of God," and can do no wrong.

CHAPTER V

THE KAISER AND HIS PEOPLE

IN that pile of weather-beaten stone which frowns at the end of Unter-den Linden something had come to make the German nation tremble. The great gray building brooded in darkness—I saw—save for a light in the east corner room. In that room the Kaiser lay. The greatest specialists of two empires frowned at his bedside. In the streets a thin drizzle of rain fell, turning the vast square by the palace into a glistening black expanse, upon which floated nebulously the reflections of the creeping buses and motors, throttled down as they passed the silent palace. Stricken with the malady that killed his father, Wilhelm II was fighting for life.

Only five months of Armageddon had been fought. Checked in the rush for Paris, the Germans faced a supreme crisis. Reorganization of their entire fighting machine and of the feeding and industrial resources of the Empire were necessary to meet the conditions of a long, grim war. And the Kaiser had been brought to Berlin weak unto death. I moved among the crowds that swarmed the Linden, and in the great castle square; I saw one German after another nervously watching the glow of yellow light

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in the east corner window. From time to time they gazed toward the *Haupt Portal*, the main gateway, through which people said a crier would come to read the bulletins of his Majesty's condition. For two days the newspapers had reported that he was getting better, but the secret had leaked out that he was worse. Over the spirits of that multitude standing in the rain waiting for news of their kaiser, a funereal pall hung. Then at last the great gates were quietly thrown back. As the crowd surged forward a captain of the Kaiser's staff stood at the *Haupt Portal* and in a sharp voice, like the cut of a whip, I heard him announce that his Majesty was out of danger. From thousands of throats leaped the cry, "Thank God!" And then a rumbling of cheers, "*Hoch! Hoch!*" for their Kaiser. That was five months after war had been saddled upon the German nation.

Time draws heavily on the patience of people, especially if their minds are active. Let us move from 1914 to 1916; to the Leipsiger Platz—the 34th Street and Broadway of Berlin. There a gigantic mass meeting; a man on top of a truck, dressed in the field uniform of the German army, haranguing the mob. He was the Socialist, Karl Liebknecht. The law, *lese majeste*, allows the Kaiser to jail persons who criticize him, so Liebknecht carefully avoided his name. He directly implied, however, that Wilhelm II was the cause of all the suffering in Germany. The mob shouted Liebknecht's

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praise. The mounted police came and tried to break up the meeting, but the mob stuck by Liebknecht. The police charged, and twenty persons were sabered and taken to the hospital. Liebknecht was put in jail and is still there. As a protest, five thousand women working in the ammunition factories of Spandau went on strike.

So you can see that the Kaiser has to handle the German people in this third year of war with even more skill than was used at the time of the mobilization. The Iron Cross of the Second Class is a favorite method to attain the end. Now in peace time most Germans are happy if their endeavors are rewarded with a decoration from the Kaiser. Understanding this human frailty, the Kaiser had decorations for civilian as well as for military achievements. Of the Iron Cross, Wilhelm II has said, "A decoration pinned to the breast makes the most peaceful heart swell with the pride of war." That is why over a million iron crosses have been distributed in Germany to-day.

Another scheme the Kaiser has used to retain the love of the German people is to create the idea among them that the royal family is also suffering from the war. At the Kaiser's suggestion his wife left the royal palace and lived in Monbijou, a group of old houses in an old part of Berlin. She dismissed her entire suite, with the exception of two maids of honor and two chamberlains. She instituted rigorous economy in living. She eats a breakfast com-

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posed of a cup of tea and one boiled egg; her luncheon is composed of one meat course and one course of corn flour or spaghetti. Potatoes are served in their jackets, for she believes that to remove the outer skin is to waste nutritious material. The bread the palace eats is war bread. And all these things are written up time and again in the German newspapers, so that the effect upon the mass of the people is not lost.

When you consider the enormous loss of life, the physical hardships, and financial sacrifices that the German people have been compelled to bear since August, 1914, you wonder at their faith in the Kaiser. Is the Kaiser stronger or weaker with his people than he was before the war?

I believe that up to Christmas of 1916 he was stronger, so grave and dignified do they conceive his bearing throughout the entire conflict. So thoughtful had he caused himself to be shown of the most humble in his land, that many worship him. So uncompromisingly firm had been his position, so devoutly had he called upon God's help, that he had taken an even stronger hold on the heart of Germany. His attitude during the war toward the German people—so they believe—has been that of a father toward his children.

His throne speech, on the break of war, was a masterpiece of tact. He declared, "I know parties no more, only Germans." By that the Kaiser meant, that any strife, any old feuds that may have

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existed between him and the political parties of Germany, particularly the Social Democrats, were wiped out, forgotten. The Kaiser meant—as he has said—that while, in peace time, the members of the big German family squabbled, with war they presented a solid, unbroken front with the foe. And as the head of this, the Kaiser likes to consider himself. That is the spirit in this war between the Kaiser and his people. Hindenburg may be hero—worshiped more, but the Kaiser is loved more.

The Kaiser knows the value of publicity and by this one does not mean to infer cheaply that he is ever pulling the wires for notoriety. But the Kaiser understands applied psychology; he is particularly agile with the psychology of the crowd. Completely does he understand the art of handling men. In war time people give more than in peace; and the Kaiser understands human nature and how to touch its keys. Instead of always saying, “My army,” to his soldiers, he says, “Comrades.” And he is reaching their heart. He is saying *without* saying, that they are one big family—*comrades*—and that he is one of them. Whereas by clinging to the stupid archaic conventionality of his peace-time throne language, he would have said, “My soldiers with whom I do as I please.” That little difference in word choice, the difference between “comrades” and “my army,” is what makes the Kaiser a shrewd man instead of being a mere person who happened to be born to the purple. Indeed, had he not been Kaiser, Wil-

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helm Hohenzollern before reaching thirty would have made an amazing bond salesman.

In the handling of the sentiment of his people the Kaiser keeps much more in the background than we believe he does. Because every utterance, made or supposed to have been made by the Kaiser, is cabled at once to our newspapers and given a headline, many popular misconceptions of him exist. Chief among these is that he is continually parading himself around during this war asking publicity.

No conception could be more wrong. In so far as possible, the Kaiser during this war has been entirely in the background. Months had passed, during which no public utterance of his has appeared in print in Germany. Of course when correspondents in Switzerland and Scandinavia are hard up for news, a bombastic speech purporting to be the Kaiser's is always good to hold a job.

No one knows better than those correspondents who have tried to interview the Kaiser during this war how much he is being kept in the background. Rarely is a German permitted to quote him for publication, seldom, indeed, a foreigner. I do not profess to know whether this policy was instituted by the Kaiser or by his Chancellor, but I do know that correspondents have enlisted the aid of some of the most influential men in Germany, that they have seemed to have had everything ready for an audience with His Majesty, and that then they ran up against a stone wall. In every case the Foreign Office, block-

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ing the audience, kept the Kaiser in the background.

It is on the battlefield that the Kaiser makes most of his speeches. His presence always inspires his soldiers. When the Russians were piling across the German frontier early in the war, sweeping everything before them, even threatening to get to Berlin, the Kaiser's automobile raced up and down, from city to town in East Prussia. With speech after speech—often making twenty a day—he stimulated his soldiers. At Bromberg and Thorn he spoke of "the inevitable victory of German culture against the barbarism of the Russian hordes." And that thought was effective; it was so effective that it inspired the German soldiers to check the Russian rush and then annihilate them in the swamps of Tannenberg. The Kaiser believes his presence, his mere presence, is worth as much to the German army as two corps, sixty thousand men. So hypnotic is his influence on his soldiers, that he may be right.

The Kaiser's messages to his people during this war have been masterpieces of terse writing, short, sharp,—like the man. Particularly significant is the way the Socialists were tricked into supporting him. He won them amazingly, in view of the condition that existed in peace time—men, women, children—fighting him at every turn. Now the Socialists are becoming disgruntled.

"For me every Social Democrat is synonymous with an enemy of the Empire," *in peace time*, the Kaiser said that to a delegation of miners. . . .

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"The doctrines of the Social Democrats are equally injurious to the individuals and the whole community." The Kaiser said that—*in peace time*.

"For you there is only one foe, and that is my foe; in view of our present Socialist troubles it may come to this, that I command you to shoot down your own relatives, brothers and even parents, in the streets, which God forbid, but you must obey my orders without a murmur." The Kaiser said that to a young regiment of soldiers at Potsdam—*in peace time*.

But with the break of war he declared: "I know parties no more, only Germans." And since that speech the Socialists with few exceptions have voted in the Reichstag—in contradiction to their principles—for every war credit that the Kaiser has asked. Why the sudden change? Merely this. The Kaiser pretended to bury his hatred for the Socialists. He caused them to believe that he had come to regard them as being as loyal Germans as the East Prussian *Junkers*. Instead of antagonizing every Socialist he met—which was his custom in peace time—the Kaiser, when war broke, had a friendly word for them all. Instead of threatening them into loyalty he held out the Imperial hand and they took it. His shrewd acting in this war has shown them for the first time that Wilhelm Hohenzollern, the man, in the field with them, eating at the "goulash cannons," occasionally sending his own sons into battle, into the same risks that his people are taking—these

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things are giving impressionable Socialists a different conception of the Kaiser. He has let them see through the mask of the War Lord, that mask with its fiercely upturned mustache and frowning brows; and behind it, somewhere, they imagine a real man, like themselves. Yet in his innermost soul Wilhelm II hates Socialism, democracy, any liberalizing force. For to so hate is an autocrat's reaction of fear. And in their innermost souls, the Socialists hate the thing the Kaiser stands for—autocracy.

From a hospital in East Prussia, a young Socialist wrote to his father in Berlin: "My wound is getting better. I am out of danger. Think of it. The Kaiser's own son, Prince Joachin, was wounded here on the same day that I was, and was brought to the same hospital. Every German is in our fight." It is things like that, printed all over Germany, which in 1914-15 won the Socialists to the Kaiser, but it is hunger, poverty, the hopelessness of war that in 1916-17 weaned them away.

Consider that fourteen of the highest princes of Germany have been killed in this war, that the Kaiser's son, Joachin, was wounded not once, but twice; that at Tauroggen, when the infantry hesitated, Joachin jumped down from his horse and through a hail of bullets led the charge against the Russian position. Consider that during the first drive into France, the heir to the ducal throne of Wurtenberg, colonel of a cavalry regiment, saw that his men were giving away before a French attack.

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And the ducal heir snatched the regimental colors from the standard bearer's hands and, waving them, galloped to the head of his regiment, inspiring them to charge against the overwhelming French forces. He took a bullet through the brain.

Consider that the German casualty list shows thousands of counts, barons, killed and wounded. Consider that Princess Friederich Leopold of Prussia, related to the German Empress, allowed her two sons, the best athletes in Germany, Olympic game men, to enter the aviation service—certain death. One Karl is already dead. Consider that the German Crown Prince exposed himself to danger and that the Chancellor had to order him away from the firing line; because he is to be the next Emperor of Germany and it is not deemed wise for the welfare of the nation to have him killed! Consider that the feudal aristocracy of Germany has given its life blood more than the aristocracy of any other nation—except England—and that the German people read these things in the newspapers, that the soldiers at the front know them to be true and so write home, and that up to 1916 the German people blindly reason that they are not being imposed upon by the aristocracy, because the aristocracy was taking the gaff the same as they are. Again, the bond of a common fate, common suffering; again German publicity channels discriminating that idea. It is one of the big underlying things why the Social Democrats supported the Kaiser in this war. But

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slowly now, beginning to be conscious of having been tricked, they are bitterly turning against the Kaiser and those around him.

Seldom does the Emperor come to Berlin. Generally his coming is unannounced, but it always leaks out. After the assault on Verdun had failed, after the German people knew that it had failed, that thousands of lives had been spent on a fruitless task, the Kaiser came to Berlin. Outside the Anhalter Bahnhof, a crowd filled the square, and choked the streets in all directions leading to the railroad station. Quietly, without ostentation, the Kaiser came down the steps of the station and stepped into his automobile. The shouting began, a terrific wave of sound had seemed to shake the old buildings. With one voice these people acclaimed the home-coming of their emperor—a coming home not in victory but in defeat. To a man they were with him. I saw it; and I went, doubting. And I doubt now if the Kaiser would dare risk a home-coming in defeat in 1917.

The confidence of the Germans—except the Socialists—in the Kaiser is boundless. When you ask questions about this loyalty to the Kaiser, the average German will tell you, “We owe our country, our prosperity, to the Kaiser. He took Germany and made it what it is. We shall fight to the last for him.” Their attitude is loyal and simple. We are pledged to free the German people from the Hohenzollern dynasty and put the government in their hands. But until 1917, the German people—

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except the Socialists—did not want the government in their own hands. So did the Kaiser obsess them. They told themselves they were quite happy and prosperous since 1890 with government in the hands of Wilhelm II, forgetting *welt politik*. All their wonderful insurance laws, all provisions for the unfit, and the aged, all that is done through a marvelous educational system to perfect the young German to make the best out of his life, all the Socialistic measures have been given to the German people by the present Kaiser, imperial “reforms” from the throne down, bribery of the mob—those measures long chloroformed the spirit of revolt, which years ago used to be the spirit of the German. Their attitude in this war was, “The Kaiser has given us the most wonderful state in the world. We will preserve it for him.”

From the German bourgeois viewpoint the Kaiser abdication problem is really quite simple—no problem, at all. For the Socialists, he is a problem. There is a powerful sentiment in Germany for a more liberal form of government; but the people still want the Kaiser at the head of it. During this war there has grown up an idea among all the German people—except the aristocracy—that the Kaiser’s dealings with his people should be more direct. The Socialists and middle class generally demand the Chancellor should be made responsible to the Reichstag, not merely to the Kaiser—thus, you see, making the Kaiser responsible to the Reichstag.

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More, the Reichstag is filled with the representatives of the people. The representation is unjust. The electorate is based upon wealth, not upon a proper proportion of representatives to voters. The Reichstag has the power to vote money and to vote upon measures *favored* by the Kaiser—measures that come down from the Federal Council, an aristocratic body by which the Kaiser controls the Reichstag. In the Reichstag, the representatives of the people can talk, resolve, or criticize and refuse to follow the Kaiser. They can thus create a public opinion which he dares or dares not to oppose—*that and nothing more*.

And that is the Kaiser's system of government. It is a government by the Kaiser, for the Kaiser—with a Reichstag, able to create popular sentiment for or against him, just as it wishes. Not a democratic government to be sure; but many of the Germans are satisfied, excepting that they want the Chancellor made responsible to the Reichstag and they want a fairer electorate system assuring proper representation in the Reichstag. Excepting, that the mass of the German people are in accord with their Kaiser.

At engineering public opinion in Germany, the Kaiser and his lieutenants of publicity are efficient. They are past masters in molding the sentiment of the German mob. They understand how to conduct propaganda in Germany, if they do not understand how to conduct it abroad. The difference is this.

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The Germans are a nation of pamphlet readers. The Americans are not. A German takes a pamphlet home and reads it. An American is more likely to throw it into the waste-paper basket. German propaganda in Germany has the pamphlet for its cornerstone. To create a national feeling against America and for submarine warfare, a pamphlet called "Junius Alter" was issued and receive enormous circulation. It did the trick. To take the credit away from Tirpitz, for the building of the German navy and giving it to the Kaiser, the pamphlet was issued.

During this war you can see other stunts for molding public sentiment. In all the shop windows of Berlin one saw for a time big paintings of Hindenburg. Then magically, these paintings disappeared; and one morning the city woke up to find the windows filled with Crown Prince pictures. Then magically they disappeared, and pictures of the Kaiser came in. Now it was impossible for all these shop windows to change their displays by coincidence. What happened was, that the word went out to turn publicity on Hindenburg. Then when he had enough, the Crown Prince got the same amount, then the Kaiser. The point is that it all came from central command; it all moved like clock work. A button was pushed and one man stood in the limelight—for Germany to admire.

Through the military censorship that passes upon every picture, newspaper, or periodical published, it

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is possible for the Kaiser to extend the system to every page printed in Germany. In such ways is the sentiment of the people molded for their national heroes—at the Kaiser's order.

One may comment upon the Crown Prince in Germany, even during the war. One may even criticize the great national idol, Hindenburg, and I have heard him torn to shreds. But if one says anything uncomplimentary to the Kaiser one draws the Germans out, fighting mad. Always not including all the Socialists in these generalizations.

For he is the one man who is in their hearts. This war has put him in German hearts stronger than ever. They regard him as the father of them all. Never, no never, has Wilhelm II been so strong with most of the German people as he was up to 1917 when they were pouring out their life blood and treasure for him. And to me, the hopeful thing of that is that it shows what the German people are capable of for a cause they believe just. Imagine that mighty national will, the good it could do in the world, were it exerted, free of militarism, in a spirit of brotherhood!

CHAPTER VI

“SCHRECKLICHKEIT”

HURLING masses of troops against the Russians and French; studying how to strike a crushing blow at England, whom his people hate; juggling the pawns on the Balkan chess-board,—these are some of the problems that are besetting the Kaiser. But the most difficult problem of the war was the attempt to maintain peace with the United States. In 1916 the Kaiser realized that the end of the diplomatic rope had been reached. To conceal the lawlessness of Germany's submarine commanders the Kaiser's ambassador in Washington had spread out the diplomatic cloak until it would cover nothing more. The Kaiser believes the Allies have tried every means to bring America in the war; this, with the marvelous German disregard of the “other fellow's” (in this case, our own) viewpoint. Long before the American newspapers said so, it was conveyed to him that Kitchener said, “We cannot win this war unless the United States is on our side.” Agents of the Imperial Secret Service, all over the globe, vied with each other in sending in reports regarding the American situation to the German Foreign Office. The Kaiser has long had this data before him. He knew the forces that were trying to

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array the United States with the Allies and just how strong they were in Washington. He knew the forces that are working to prevent the United States from going to war and just how much their influence was. He knew that in Germany there was a clique headed by Count Ernst zu Reventlow and Admiral von Tirpitz, totally indifferent to the United States, so long as the Imperial submarines could conduct ruthless warfare.

To understand the situation in Germany regarding America, we must glimpse the German internal political situation in 1916. Consider that over two years of a bitter war had been fought, that the German people, like all others, have given freely of their kinsmen and of their savings. Yet they saw no peace. Consider that the German people were told that American diplomacy was taking “the mightiest weapon” from their hands. Consider that the mass of the German people believed that were their submarines, unhampered by American diplomacy, allowed to operate around the British Isles, that peace would quickly come. And they were informed that their submarines could not sink everything in sight because the United States objected! How long was the Kaiser able to hold in check the German people in their demand that the war be pushed to an end with every weapon at the disposal of his government? That is the core of the submarine situation—which hastened America’s entrance into the war.

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Now, behind the scenes in Germany in 1916 moved the shadowy figures of intrigue. We find, on the one hand, the Imperial Chancellor opposing bitterly—until he compromised with his ideals—the policy of ruthless submarine warfare, and on the other, the powerful Grand Admiral von Tirpitz clamoring for it and Tirpitz won. We see the division extending further—General von Mackensen lined up with von Tirpitz. And Mackensen's military record, conqueror of Rumania, of Serbia, reconqueror of Galicia, gives him enormous prestige. Besides Mackensen is known as an *Amerikaner fresser*—“eater of Americans.” He is the one German general who was guilty of gross courtesy toward the American military attachés, the guests of his Government. Another powerful influence behind von Tirpitz is von Ludendorff, the greatest strategist in Germany, the “brain of Hindenburg,” as he is called. Von Ludendorff is also an *Amerikaner fresser*.

Of enormous weight in the final decision was the advice of von Hindenburg himself, who was silent publicly on submarine warfare, yet who strongly endorsed it at every secret council. More von Tirpitz support comes from the leaders of the powerful Conservative and Liberal parties and from “Big Business.” Inevitably the tide turned again toward von Tirpitz. With the insincere peace offer a failure, the Social Democrats, the cornerstone of the Chancellor in fighting von Tirpitz, went over to him. Suedekum of the Socialists and Naumann of the

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Radicals both said in December, 1916, that unrestricted torpedoing must begin, if peace did not come in a few months. Guttmann, president of the powerful Dresdener Bank, despite its big interests in America, advocated submarine war. Herr von Jagow, known to be against “frightfulness,” was removed from the Foreign Office and Zimmerman appointed in his place. In October, 1916, after paying a visit to the Kaiser and the General Staff, Count Rantzau, German minister to Denmark and friendly to America, because of the work of the United States diplomats in our Copenhagen legation—the able Minister Maurice Egan, and his aide Captain Totten—said that ruthless submarine warfare was unavoidable. An enormous propaganda swept over the entire German Empire. Pamphlets and mass meetings demanded unrestricted submarine attacks, a national agitation engineered by von Tirpitz, the firebrand Count zu Reventlow and “Big Business”—poisoned the German people.

Who was there in Germany that the United States could depend upon to keep us out of war. There was Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. His power against von Tirpitz had up to December, 1916, the backing of the Kaiser. Then, the peace proposal failing, Wilhelm II showed himself ready to support von Tirpitz and “frightfulness” came. Because of the fortunes of the House of Hohenzollern, Wilhelm II believed the step advisable. On the Chancellor’s side, also, were the great German steamship lines;

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they foresaw the possible confiscation of the millions of dollars worth of steamers interned in American harbors. But Ballin, the "steamship king," went over in December of 1916 to the cause of the ruthless submarine, and another prop was lost to the Chancellor. Now the Chancellor is under suspicion in Germany—suspicion brewed by zu Reventlow and von Tirpitz. Before making his autumn speech in the Reichstag, von Bethmann-Hollweg asked Count Zeppelin to write him a letter, saying that he, the Imperial Chancellor, had never opposed sending Zeppelins against England.

The Chancellor, a few days before making his speech to the nation, had this letter published in all the German newspapers. He had to be cleared of the suspicion that he was blocking the use of effective weapons of war, because they were "inhuman."

Now, watching these two factions, weighing the power of each with the people, and ready to give the imperial approval to the popular side, was the Kaiser. He, and he alone, decided on submarine warfare. Three times during this war he was called upon to decide this very problem. What happened at each of these three conferences is known only to a few persons. It is here recorded as Berlin gossip has it.

The first conference was held in January of 1915. Grand Admiral von Tirpitz proposed the plan of blockading England with submarines. His idea was to issue a statement to the world that the waters

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around Great Britain were a “war zone,” and that the German Government could not be responsible for any loss of life occurring there. His idea was to create a parallel between civilians going on a battle field and going on ships, calmly ignoring all the principles of international law. The Kaiser, realizing that this breach of international law would be worth the risk, although his advisors all told him “America will not fight.” In the council chamber in the château at Charleville, France, he asked von Tirpitz,

“How many submarines have you for this campaign?”

Von Tirpitz replied, “Your Majesty, I have two hundred submarines.”

The Kaiser judged this force to be powerful enough to bring results and decided to begin submarine warfare on merchantmen. Von Tirpitz opened the campaign in February, 1915. The results he obtained, however, were not as successful as the Kaiser had hoped. The reason was that von Tirpitz had deliberately misrepresented the situation to the Emperor. When von Tirpitz told the Kaiser he had two hundred submarines he did not have them. In his estimate he included submarines under construction. So, when the Emperor demanded the results of the submarine campaign, von Tirpitz falsified his report and reported many ships sunk that were not. Then came the *Lusitania* case. Germany was threatened by war with America. Doubly threat-

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ened, for in the summer upon the heels of the *Lusitania* case came another slaughter of American lives, the sinking of the *Arabic*. The situation between the two countries was tense. The Kaiser was faced with a big decision. He had to call off his submarines or go to war with the United States.

After Count von Bernstorff's diplomatic procras-tination failed, the Kaiser made his decision. In August of 1915, there was held a secret conference at Pless in East Prussia. To understand what transpired, it must be recorded that at the time the American Ambassador, James W. Gerard, was, through no fault of his, *persona non grata* with Imperial Germany. Despite the crisis, Ambassador Gerard had not been able to see the Kaiser. Enemies and incompetents had blocked his path; that reason, and because he had stood up so uncompromisingly for American rights. It must also be recorded that the Kaiser was absolutely without information on the feeling in America, except that which came to him through the absurd and prejudiced reports of his German advisors—"America will not fight." So the Emperor did a shrewd thing.

His war council was at Pless. One of his officers knew of a particularly able American living in Berlin. There was another American, a relative of the Kaiser's chaplain and the nephew of one of the greatest German historians. To these Americans at the Hotel Adlon, there came a telephone message from great headquarters. The message was, "Take

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the ten o'clock train to-night for Pless. You will be met at the station.” That was all.

Wondering why they were summoned thus to great headquarters, the two Americans waited at the station of Pless the next morning. They were met by a staff officer and whirled away by motor to an old stone dwelling of the East Prussian landed proprietor type, where sat the Great General Staff, directing the campaign, many miles away, against the retreating Russians. After luncheon the two Americans were told to go into the garden and wait. They went into the garden. It was a typical German garden with graveled walks and neatly clipped bushes laid out symmetrically. Above them from a slender white flag pole the black, white and red banner of Germany gleamed in a sunny sky. Presently they saw approaching them a man dressed in the gray-green German army uniform and spiked helmet. The man walked with brisk steps. Flicking a riding crop against his boots, he came up to them with a crisp, cheery greeting. He was the Kaiser.

“Good afternoon, gentlemen,” said he. Alone, unhampered by any escort, speaking English, the Emperor plied the two Americans, one question after another. After each question, he stood with arms folded awaiting their reply. How did America feel about the war? Was the feeling over the *Lusitania* case intense? Would America fight? With no thought of giving answers that might please

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the Kaiser, the Americans told him the truth. They gave him the facts of the case, something the Kaiser's advisors were either afraid to do or else were incapable of doing. Their frankness impressed the Kaiser. After the conference the Emperor thanked the Americans, who returned at once to Berlin. It was the old story of great events being born of small beginnings.

As a result of his talk, the Kaiser made his decision. He was satisfied himself that if von Tirpitz's submarine warfare were continued the United States would fight. He decided that von Tirpitz's submarine campaign had to be stopped. He did not deem it wise to court the consequences of American intervention. Von Tirpitz, he judged, was not to be trusted in command of the navy with the situation so critical. Von Tirpitz had a way of taking an imperial order, passing it on to the submarine commanders and then winking. The Kaiser decided that no chances could be run. That meant the removal of von Tirpitz. It was a daring decision. Von Tirpitz was an idol of the German people. Unquestionably the builder of the German navy, a loud outspoken champion of everything German, he was adored by the masses. Yet he was dangerous to the imperial policy; therefore he must go.

The secret conference was to be held at Pless that night. Submarine warfare was in the balance. Before the conference began, the Emperor was

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closeted with Admiral von Müller, Chief of the Marine Cabinet.

“Break von Tirpitz” was the Kaiser’s order to Admiral Müller.

The Kaiser then called for von Falkenhayn, Chief of the General Staff, and ordered him to support Admiral von Müller. Along toward evening, the Chancellor himself appeared with the shrewd Helfferich, Imperial Treasurer.

At nine o’clock the conference began. It lasted until after midnight. In vain did the brawny, bearded von Tirpitz shout and pound the table with his great fist; in vain did he protest, “Sink everything on the ocean.” A small, though stocky man, von Müller, with insistent questions, kept after the giant Grand Admiral. Falkenhayn now and then cut in with a characteristic, sharp and short military expression. The Chancellor and Helfferich said nothing, their eyes on the stocky little sailor, who was leading the fight—their fight. Confounded and unable to answer the charges over the failure of his first submarine campaign, von Tirpitz finally declared he would resign from the navy. His resignation was, of course, accepted, and the Kaiser thanked him for his faithful service. The imperial policy could now go on without danger. That was in August, 1915.

The war dragged on to 1916. The situation in Germany tightened. More men were called to the colors. More human wrecks came out of the hos-

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pitals. Severer food restrictions were imposed. After a terrific campaign, Verdun withstood the German assault. Rumania was getting ready to go to war. The future was black. There was no sign of peace. Then von Tirpitz began his propaganda. After his resignation he had gone down to his estate near Switzerland, out of it all. But was he? Every officer that worked at his desk in that big, white stone building on the Canal, the home of the German Admiralty, looked up to von Tirpitz. Every officer was a Tirpitz man. Every man had been brought into the staff by him. Every man believed in the Tirpitz way of making war. Yes, von Tirpitz was down on the Swiss frontier, but his spirit still filled the German navy.

Then began that vast propaganda which swept Germany into ruthless submarine warfare. Count zu Reventlow led the attack in the newspapers. A cabal was formed against the Chancellor. Von Tirpitz addressed mass meetings. A pamphlet called "Junius Alter" had an enormous circulation. It was an attack on the Chancellor and his Foreign Office, for opposing ruthless submarine warfare. It pretended to show that Germany need not be worried if America entered the war; it was all "Yankee bluff." The national cry became, "America is our secret enemy; why not our open one?" From this propaganda the German people gained the belief that if submarines were used without restraint, the war would speedily end.

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All this time the Kaiser sat quietly watching. Could he afford to support his chancellor? Was the pressure of von Tirpitz and *Junkertum* growing too strong? The Kaiser ordered a third conference to be held. It took place in Berlin during the autumn of 1916. Around the long council table in the Schloss were the Kaiser, Helfferich, Bethmann-Holla-weg, Reventlow, and Hindenburg. Tirpitz, although removed from command of the navy, was also called in—so great is the man's power. The problem was—what is to be done if the German peace proposal, planned for December, is turned down? Hindenburg reported that there need be no cause for worry about the military situation. The point to be considered, though, was public sentiment. What would the German people say if the peace proposal was rejected? What if the Government did not use every means of bringing destruction to the enemy?

“What will happen,” asked the Emperor, “if we take no heed of the position of the United States, and use our submarines without restrictions?”

Von Tirpitz jumped up in great excitement. “It will bring England to her knees in six months. Look what our submarines did *restricted!* When we operate under restrictions, England is only injured to one-half the extent she is when the restrictions are eased up. If our submarines worked with no restrictions at all, the results would be still better—a million tons a month, Your Majesty.”

Now the Kaiser had in mind the previous misrep-

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resentations of von Tirpitz which led to his removal as Grand Admiral. So he asked, "If we operate our submarines as we like, can you guarantee that England will be brought to her knees?"

Von Tirpitz deliberated, "I will not guarantee it, Your Majesty," he said slowly, "but I sincerely believe that such would be the result."

Helfferich objected strongly.

"If Admiral von Tirpitz will not guarantee that the new submarine campaign he plans will bring England to terms, I am opposed to it. It can have but one result—the United States will enter the war. That will mean that the enemy will have ample money to continue the struggle. I cannot be responsible for and will not support any campaign that has a chance of failure—that will, if it fails, have the ultimate result of making the Allies vastly stronger financially with America's gold. That would bring disaster. It would prolong the war and drag us into bankruptcy."

The council deliberated long, without arriving at a decision. It was indeed a gamble. If von Tirpitz's new submarine warfare succeeded in bringing England to her knees the war would be over, with Germany the victor—America in the war or not. If it failed, the war would drag on with the enormous resources of America drawn in and assuring the inevitable crushing of Germany. And there stood the situation, when the German peace note was sprung upon the world. That note was a trick to solidify

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German sentiment and to beguile the Socialists into frightfulness. After that note, making Germany a limited victor, failed—as the Germany insane military party hoped it would fail—to bring peace there was held, of course, another submarine conference—the conference at which the Kaiser cast the die. But of that conference I know nothing; obviously, the Kaiser finally decided for ruthlessness. It was the greatest problem he ever decided. On his word, then, may rest the existence of Germany, the continuance of the House of Hohenzollern. He decided for ruthlessness because he was driven to it by the sentiment in Germany.

All through 1916, the Kaiser has jockeyed the situation. It was known to be the belief of the American embassy in Berlin that the *U-53* was sent to America in October, 1916, for one purpose; not to sink six vessels off Nantucket—which she did—but for something more sinister. It was to impress upon the American public what German submarines could do, how they could invade American waters, and terrorize our whole coast if we went to war. The visit of the *U-53* was a threat that fits into the German Government’s habitual laying of wires in advance.

To understand how the German people were swept by propaganda into suicidal submarine warfare, we must consider that America is intensely disliked in Germany. It is a fact that there is a national hatred almost as great for us as there is for England. The

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Germans hate us for having restricted their submarine warfare since 1915; for selling war munitions to the Allies; for allowing—as they claim—infringements of our neutral rights of commerce by England—calmly ignoring their own murders of Americans at sea. Against the English the Germans have a way of opening the safety valve of this hate. With the Zeppelins they can bomb London. There is no way, though, of venting the hate against Americans, except by occasional petty insults to individuals. People at war do not reason in legalities. The Germans have a magnificent disregard for the fact that when the Boer republics, kinsmen, were fighting for their liberty, Germany sold ammunition to England. They only know that American-made shells are bursting on their fronts. Wherefore, they hate America. This hatred would have a safety-valve outlet were the newspapers in the position to print the sinking of many steamers and the loss of many American lives at sea. This hideous “safety-valve” the Kaiser has now offered.

Does the Kaiser hate America? On this subject many charges and counter-charges have been made. Responsible persons have charged that the Emperor in his heart would like to see America humbled because it is a republic; the imperial mind holds no tolerance for republics. Subconsciously the Kaiser fears democracy in the world.

Those Americans who as correspondents were in more or less close touch with the German Foreign

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Office before and during this war will tell you that the Kaiser's “American policy” was dearest to his heart. They will tell you that Germany would have gladly entered into an alliance with the United States. They will tell you of the hundreds of Americans received at the German court loaded down with orders and presents from the hands of the Kaiser. They will tell you that the presence of Americans was encouraged at the annual regattas at Kiel; that the Kaiser established the *Amerika Institut* in Berlin, a clearing-house for educational ideas between Germany and the United States. They will tell you that the Kaiser chose one of his most intelligent young Germans, Dr. Drechsler, a Harvard graduate, and put him in charge of this *Institut*. That the Emperor supplied it with American magazines, newspapers and periodicals of all kinds. They will tell that he chose a high diplomat in his service, Baron Speck von Sternburg, and sent him to the United States as ambassador and that when Sternburg died the Kaiser picked his best diplomat, Count Johan von Bernstorff—all these things to gain our goodwill.

The Kaiser shrewdly discerned that the average American tourist visited London and Paris, possibly Switzerland; that he entered Europe at Naples, went up through Italy and then struck for France through Switzerland. Accordingly the Kaiser made Germany more attractive for Americans. He encouraged the transformation of stodgy Berlin into

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one of the gayest capitals of Europe. He encouraged the opening of American hotels, run in the American style. He did everything conceivable to make Germany attractive for Americans, to entice them there. For he knows that no friendship is possible without understanding, and no understanding is possible without acquaintance. How were Americans to like Germans unless they knew the Germans; for if Americans knew the Germans, the Kaiser had not the slightest doubt of their liking them in turn—a typical bit of Imperial reasoning.

The hatred of America that has been bred in Germany has not been bred by the Kaiser. Indeed, he did everything possible to preserve some remnants of the friendship that his guns and torpedos have blown to pieces, until inevitably driven by his *Junkers* to this last step of “frightfulness.” The brewers of hate have been those apostles of intolerance, Reventlow and Tirpitz. The Kaiser realizes that Tirpitz has power with the mob.

When Tirpitz talks to-day, the German people do not forget that he built the German navy. In peace time, attempts were made through imperial propaganda to credit the Kaiser with being the Father of the Germany navy. But the German people know that they owe this navy to Tirpitz. The fact that after the Pless Council in August, 1915, Tirpitz was deposed and sent into what might be considered a political exile, did not change their faith in Tirpitz regarding naval affairs. “Political move,” the

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Germans said, and continued to have faith in him.

In considering how the Kaiser was driven into submarine frightfulness, it must not be forgotten that for seventeen years Tirpitz had almost absolute power on naval matters in Germany. It must not be forgotten that during that period he organized a naval officer corps that is absolutely loyal to him to-day. Every officer in the German navy has been inoculated with the Tirpitz ideas of naval warfare. Every officer knows that Tirpitz is highly efficient; he has often proved it to them. Every officer knows that Tirpitz is the biggest man in Germany to-day on naval matters. He has passed out from among them, but his influence remains. In that white stone building where the Admiralty Staff conceives the plans for war, his is an unseen presence. In every shipyard, in every officers' mess, he is present. Tirpitz to-day is a shadow over the German navy; and the navy cannot and does not want to shake off that shadow, although he is no longer its chief.

To a man, the navy is behind Tirpitz. At the top are men opposed to him—men put into office by the Kaiser for that very reason. These men are Holtzendorff, Chief of Staff, and Müller, Chief of the Marine Cabinet. When Tirpitz was removed, his Chief of Staff von Pohl was removed too. The Kaiser was astute enough to know that to leave Tirpitz's man in charge of the Admiralty Staff, even though Tirpitz was out, would be a constant men-

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ace to the Imperial policy. Müller and Holtzendorff at the top were opposed to Tirpitz; but the men under them are not and that the Kaiser could not change. He could not remove the entire officer corps of the navy! And the officer corps clamored for submarine frightfulness.

By sheer ability, Tirpitz rose to a position of power seldom reached in Germany by one who has not family caste behind him. He is a Prussian. He has that way of thinking which one finds so often in a Prussian *Junker*. It can best be described by a supreme indifference to the wishes or feelings of other nationalities. This way of thinking—and it is the Tirpitz way—is probably caused by the fact that all through history Prussia has had a bitter fight for self-preservation in Europe torn with war after war. In unifying Germany the Prussians have been so intent upon this self-preservation, they have been so ardent in their desire to make themselves great, that they have completely lost sight of the viewpoint of other nations and consider only their own. As an Austrian will tell you, "The Prussians are not sympathetic." That is to say, the Prussians rarely have use for anything which does not concern themselves.

Tirpitz is a product of this form of mental evolution. It is the code of the Jesuits—the end justifies the means; but it is not consciously that. End and means never enter the Tirpitz mind. There is no consideration of a problem from that angle. It is

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simply—will this benefit Germany? Will it not? Nothing else is considered, even for a moment. Americans sailing as they have a right to on any ship, except ships of war, never enter the Tirpitz mind. It does not consider that Americans so sailing are protected by international law—upon which civilization is based—or the ethical theory that the rights of neutrals are more sacred than the rights of belligerents. The only thing that enters the mind of a Tirpitz is that a steamer—passenger or freighter, it makes not the slightest difference—is carrying some kind of war supplies to the Allies. That international law says that such steamers must be stopped and searched and that they can only be destroyed without warning in the event of their attempting to escape such a search, is outside of the consideration of the Tirpitz mind. That mind reasons that if a submarine stops a steamer the search might not be successful, a rescuing warship might come up before the passengers could be taken off. Therefore, “Sink on sight!” is the mandate. It reasons, if the passengers can save themselves, all right; if not, they ought to stay at home. The Tirpitz mind simply smashes through all the fabric of law upon which civilization stands. And it became the mind of Imperial Germany when ruthless submarine warfare was announced to the world. I have tried to analyze this mind to give our country some idea of the *why* behind Germany’s policy. If the English people have anything to thank Winston Church-

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ill for, they must thank him for his brilliant speeches in Parliament rousing the British nation to a conception of Germany's growing naval power under Tirpitz.

The man is a combination of diplomatic finesse and appalling frankness. He has come out bluntly and said that America's attitude was hostile, thus embarrassing the Chancellor. He has, on the other hand, adroitly side-stepped any questions as to the worth of the German navy as shown by the war. Charges made against him in the Reichstag only to be hushed up in the German press would seem to indicate that he will stop at nothing to gain his ends. In the autumn of 1916 he was accused of having falsified Germany's submarine strength to the Kaiser when he proposed the submarine blockade of England in February of that year. And fifteen years before he was accused of having falsified figures about the Germany navy. Yet the German people believe in Tirpitz; and the Kaiser knows it. It has been said of the German people that they can succeed in so hypnotizing themselves as to believe only what they wish to believe. They did not want to believe these charges against Tirpitz, so he was able to shake them off with a shrug of his shoulders. Since 1915 he has been the "Old Man of the Sea" astride the back of Germany's foreign policy. He is a heavyweight. He has with him the weight of German public opinion and the power of the aristocratic class. He slowly but surely bore down the

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Chancellor. Every week that the war went on, every fresh sacrifice that the German people had to make, increased the power of Tirpitz. They believe that frightfulness, ruthless warfare of submarine and Zeppelins, will bring their foes to talk of peace. They knew that Tirpitz was for such ruthless war. They knew that the Chancellor was opposed to it.

The Kaiser's greatest difficulty in maintaining friendly relations with America was the plotting of Tirpitz, Reventlow and Company—*Junkers*, “Big Business,” ruthless army and navy men, blind to humanity. And as events have turned, Tirpitz, Reventlow and Company have forced the Kaiser to do their will with America—because they tricked the German people.

CHAPTER VII

THE KAISER AND VON BERNSTORFF

"I know this world and don't trouble about any other. I think the man a fool who denies himself any good thing in this life unless for health's sake or some dominant reason. I try to play fair and get what I want while causing as little trouble or pain to others as possible; but this world is not divided into blacks and whites; but into shades and nuances. I am very lenient, especially towards sins of the flesh, when the temptation is great and the results unimportant."

That, in a nutshell, is the philosophy of life held by the Kaiser's ex-ambassador to our country, Count Johan von Bernstorff. Of course, it is the philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche, which has crept insidiously into the mind of Imperial Germany. Consider these utterances made by Count von Bernstorff in an interview with Frank Harris.

"I know this world and don't trouble about any other. I think a man a fool who denies himself any good thing in this life. . . ." Anti-Christian and expressed by Nietzsche in *Der Anti-Christ*. Or this one, "This world is not divided into blacks and whites; but into shades and nuances." Nietzsche

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-again, another way of saying his "*There is no moral order in the world.*"

Now just as there are two ways of picturing the Kaiser, so are there two ways of picturing his American ambassador. From talking with the men of Imperial Germany, I have come to the conclusion that there is such a thing there as a universal mind. In one respect the mind of every man who serves the Kaiser in high station is identical. They all believe that the end justifies the means; and that is Nietzschean. I have found from experience that if you meet and talk with these men on grounds where Imperial Germany is not concerned, that they are quite like other persons. Agreeable companions many of them, witty or dull, ingenuous or sophisticated; but, let an affair of Imperial Germany be at stake and the likable human thing disappears, and overshadowing it is the cold code of Kaiserdom—anything so long as Germany is served.

I can conceive Bernstorff knowing he had executed an order from his Foreign Secretary to try and set Mexico and Japan on our backs—and our State Department alone knows what else—I can even conceive of him knowing those things and still sincerely liking many Americans. For that is the imperial paradox. It is that thing of Imperial Germany so difficult to understand, yet all too true. Conceive the Kaiser's ambassador, knowing he was hostile to the United States, enacting the following scene:

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Tall and sinewy, his military-trained figure doing justice to a blue-serge suit of Fifth Avenue fashioning, Count von Bernstorff leaned gracefully against the brass railing in that ornate reception room of the Imperial German Embassy, to say good-by. Molded in Prussian sternness, iron jawed, cold eyed, aquiline of nose, a finished product of modern German feudalism, high breeding obvious, reserved of manner, brilliantly educated, cynical, serious and bantering by turns, the Kaiser's ambassador to the United States was by birth and training fortified to meet this hour.

Smiling, Count Johan von Bernstorff faced the correspondents, there to say good-by. But in the smile there was defeat; in the gay manner something draggled.

"All I can say," remarked Count von Bernstorff, "is that I am sorry, but it had to come. The United States could pursue no other action."

And the easy manner came perilously near breaking down,—and this is not the "sob sister" stuff of newspapers—for a dampness filled the Count's stern eyes. With extreme tact and consideration, the correspondents commented upon the safe conduct that would enable him to go to his home in Germany. Filing past him, one by one, they shook the hand of the Kaiser's ambassador, who always had been shrewdly ready to see them, free from the conventionality that diplomatic usage imposes.

"*Auf wiedersehen,*" called a correspondent and

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the Count swallowed perceptibly. "Good-by, gentlemen, good-by." Apparently deeply touched he went then to make his preparations to leave Washington.

And now the other side of the picture, which we must always examine where Imperial Germany is concerned. Since the break of war, Count von Bernstorff had used many of the Washington correspondents; nothing sinister implied regarding those men with ideals of the news, rather a commentary upon Bernstorff—he, the Kaiser's most brilliant diplomat, cleverly bending men to his purposes. He knew, but they did not, that every Washington correspondent was indexed in his embassy, as to age, birth-place, salary, religion—and the wife of the correspondent, if married—and whether "pro" or "anti-German." He knew that he was using these men—they innocent—to serve Germany's aims. He knew that his "democratic" manner with them could not but be advantageous, contrasted with the stiff formality of other embassies. And so, being a brilliant diplomat, he smiled, cracked jokes, was "democratic" with the Washington correspondents, superimposed upon them a personality that can be charming; and used them.

Now mud has been thrown at the noblemen from Cassell in Hessen—Berlin mud, New York mud. As ambassador to the United States, Count von Bernstorff was from the outbreak of war a target for both American and German abuse.

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Unless one has been in Germany during this war, one can have no conception of what the United States means to Teutons. When the Germans thought of neutral nations during 1916, they thought of ours. Why didn't the United States do this, do that, do the other thing? One heard it everywhere. A most important point of the Kaiser's foreign policy, a dominant thought in his *welt politik*—he was wise enough to leave the "American situation" entirely in the hands of his astute diplomat, Count Johann von Bernstorff; to leave it there until the intrigue for ruthless submarine warfare overturned Imperial policies.

Now, Count von Bernstorff, as an ambassador, had to carry out the wishes of his Foreign Office. In his Foreign Office are men who have never been to the United States, who have an utterly wrong conception of our country, who in many cases have gained their ideas from irresponsible German writers and speakers who have characterized us as a race of "dollar chasers" and who have called our country "Dollarica." This type of bureaucrat has the idea that all Americans care about is merely money, and that just as long as our money making is not interfered with we are happy. This type of mind in Wilhelmstrasse 76 believed that Americans would allow infringements upon their national rights.

Count Johann von Bernstorff early grasped the fallacy of this dangerous conception of his country-

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men. But they held it—men in the Foreign Office, as well as army and navy officers. So when difficulties came between Germany and the United States on submarine warfare there descended upon Count von Bernstorff a double-weighted problem. He not only had to placate us as a diplomat, but he had to fight his own Foreign Office as well. To this was added the difficulty that he was thousands of miles away from the men who were shaping Germany's policy.

When the war broke out, Count von Bernstorff was in Germany. He received his instructions direct from the Kaiser. The position of the United States in the war was big to the Emperor's mind. Every move made by our country would be laid by the Kaiser at Count von Bernstorff's door. For the Kaiser had picked Bernstorff for the Washington post, because he believed in him. As Count von Bernstorff suavely said, after he had talked for publication, ignoring diplomatic custom: "Perhaps the American public will be surprised by such an utter frankness of expression from me. I am in an anomalous position. As I left my native country, the only instruction which was given to me was to tell the people of America the truth, and nothing but the truth, and to hold nothing in reserve."

In accordance with these "diplomatic" instructions, Count von Bernstorff at the outbreak of the war talked freely. In a full-page newspaper interview printed in the *New York Times*, on August 30,

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1914, he laid down Germany's position in the war. A storm of criticism set in; back to Berlin it was reported. This was all grist to the mills of the big business men of Rhineland, Berlin and Westphalia, who before the war looked upon Bernstorff as a complete failure. Products of modern commercial intolerance, these men. Because Count von Bernstorff did not secure all sorts of import concessions for them at Washington without Germany in turn having to accord such privileges to American business in the Fatherland, the Rhineland magnates roared. Periodically, they demanded of the Kaiser that he recall Count von Bernstorff from Washington.

For over three years the vast export interests of Germany and the "ordnance patriots" were after the scalp of the diplomat from Cassell. In Berlin the fire against him was particularly heavy, six months after the war broke out. It was not uncommon for American correspondents to be drawn into conversation by German men of Big Business who tried to induce us to say things injurious to Count von Bernstorff. But in Berlin I have never heard an American correspondent attack the Kaiser's ambassador to Washington. One evening an enormously wealthy industrial king of industry, Count Henckle-Donnersmark, deliberately whipped out a memo. pad and pencil, plying us with questions to bring out comments unfavorable to Bernstorff. Such was the intrigue against him by the apostles

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of intolerance. It is a reflex on the shrewdness of the Kaiser that despite the terrific pressure brought upon him in Germany for Bernstorff's recall, that he stuck by his ambassador and allowed him to work things out in his own way.

When the hysteria of war writing has subsided, when history puts facts in their proper place, Count Johan von Bernstorff will receive credit for the biggest coup of his diplomatic career. From the time of the *Lusitania* sinking up to the forcing of a diplomatic break by his Government, he kept America from going to war with Germany. It is not generally known that at the height of the submarine crisis in early spring of 1916, Count von Bernstorff was for six days without any instruction whatever from his Foreign Office. With the situation in Washington at the breaking point, with the patience of our State Department officials strained to the limit, with their diplomatic communications unanswered by Wilhelmstrasse, war would have come then had not Count von Bernstorff taken matters in his own hands. Uninstructed by his Foreign Office, acting entirely on his own responsibility, basing his actions on a complete understanding of the American viewpoint, considering the intolerance of a dangerous group in Germany, the power of his enemies at home, Count von Bernstorff risked a hazard. Under danger of being recalled, chancing the wrecking of his own career, uninstructed by the Kaiser, he deliberately committed the German Gov-

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ernment to promises on submarine warfare and solved the situation—promises!

Again in the background we see the brain of the Kaiser. Instead of going off the handle, acting with the impulsiveness that is so often attributed to him, instead of flying into a rage that his ambassador, uninstructed, had presumed to commit the Imperial Government to definite policies, the Kaiser silently applauded. He retained Bernstorff at Washington, giving him even stronger support.

After talking with Bernstorff one understands why the Kaiser selected him for America. The Count is a most interesting personality. It is one of those blendings of humanity that ever contradicts. He shows great force, yet easy amiability. He is straightforward and yet gives you the impression of always holding everything in reserve. He can say everything, yet when you come to digest it, he has said absolutely nothing. Although he is exceedingly well read, he is more a student of men than of books. At analyzing human nature and applying the analysis in practise, Count von Bernstorff is a past master; seldom, indeed, is he mistaken in his analysis of a man. His eyes are of that steady gray, so often associated with doers of big things. Although he was born in London, he speaks English with an American accent. If the occasion demands, he can use American slang. He is a snappy *raconteur* and often tells a good story on himself.

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"Once," remarked the Count, "the editor of *Town Topics* accused me of being a self-advertiser. Now,"—and Bernstorff pointed toward the newspapers with a chuckle—"he might say that I was getting all the advertisement I could want—but the wrong kind."

After the sinking of the *Lusitania*, Count von Bernstorff received an anonymous letter declaring that the writer would blow up the German Embassy that night. Upon being questioned by the Washington correspondents what he would do, if he would have the Embassy guarded by the police, if he would remain there, the Count merely remarked: "I shall go to bed as usual." He was not bluffed; and he is tireless on a problem until he has exhausted every possibility.

As he told Frank Harris, of the *Lusitania* case: "I shall never forget that day. I had received from our Foreign Office the order on no account to admit that the blowing up of the *Lusitania* was 'illegal'; that adjective would not be accepted under any circumstances. I found President Wilson just as positive that it was illegal, and after doing my best to set forth our side of the argument, I left the White House feeling that I had lost; that war was imminent, unavoidable; that the solid earth was slipping from under my feet.

"Suddenly I asked myself: 'Have I done everything I could?'

"'Everything,' I told myself, 'that a man could

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do; except one thing—to speak simply as a man, as a private individual.'

"I went back, found President Wilson again and told him I had forgotten one thing—to speak as a private individual. Then I showed him my whole thought; that America was the trustee of humanity; that by insisting on this word 'illegal' he would throw away the power to make peace, the sacred power of putting an end to the senseless waste of war, the dreadful butchery. I begged him as man to man to pause and weigh everything before he gave up his high position as arbiter of the warring nations. President Wilson met me like a great man and a generous; thanked me for returning; told me he would let no small consideration turn him from his chief object, which was peace."

The finesse of that diplomacy appals one. In having Count von Bernstorff in Washington at such a time, the Kaiser was particularly fortunate. No stiff-backed aristocratic formality to subconsciously prejudice the American mind, rather a man whose demeanor can seem to be—if he desires—amazingly democratic. The Count wears American clothes; he knows how to receive Americans, in an easy informal manner; he knows how to make a jesting remark in the American mood. When one thinks of other German diplomats, clever as they may be, but cold as ice, stiff as rifle barrels; and when one thinks of the break of diplomatic relations being held off as long as it was, and how in 1915 war might have come had

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another ambassador but Bernstorff been in Washington, one understands something more of the Kaiser for keeping Bernstorff here despite the terrific intrigue against him in Berlin.

Bernstorff is also dear to the heart of the Kaiser because he is a "shirt-sleeves diplomat." His predecessors in America were diplomats of the old school, coldly formal and precise in all matters of international etiquette. They were pussyfooters. Bernstorff is shrewdly blunt. He seems to throw his cards on the table, and to say what he thinks. He suggests cutting the Gordian knot instead of trying to untie it.

The Kaiser likes to have men around who are versatile, who can tell a good story, who know how to laugh, and at the same time, get results. It was repeated to the Kaiser that when Bernstorff first came to America, he was asked by a Wall Street financier, "Do you know how to play poker?" Bernstorff quickly replied, "It's the only game I know." And, at his ambassador's tact, the Kaiser chuckled.

Count von Bernstorff discovered that American society went in for golf more than it did for tennis, and although an expert tennis player he at once dropped it for golf. He delighted the Kaiser beyond measure when he learned baseball, and could talk the language of the diamond. Like the Chinese ambassador, the Count understands a "sacrifice hit." He is a fan. He scored in Washington of a day eight years ago, when he horrified the servants of the Ger-

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man Embassy by telling them always to admit the newspaper men; that he would receive them whenever they came to call. Bernstorff quickly learned the ways of America, Americans, and how to use them.

The Kaiser recognizes that in Bernstorff he has one of those rareties among diplomats. A man who is able to absorb quickly the ideas and feelings of the country of his post, who can seem to unofficially like its people, and who can present the viewpoint of that country and who is not afraid to, in his dealings with Berlin—that pleases the Kaiser.

Those who know Count von Bernstorff best will tell you that before the war it was his ambition to cement, on the basis of solid friendship, the relations of Germany and the United States. Although by birth he is of the German *Junker* class, of a family with a hereditary title, Count von Bernstorff has none of the intolerance of the *Junkers* of East Prussia who have injured Germany so much with the outside world. A glimpse into the idealistic corner of his mind—for he is not all plots—is given by a declaration he made on New Year's Day. "If the New Year shall bring peace to the earth, a lasting peace; if this unfortunate war which all participants deplore, shall terminate within the next twelve months, on such terms as are compatible with the honor of the nations involved, and in such a way as to eliminate the possibility of its recurrence, then the black aspect which the New Year wears to-day will be

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changed and it will stand forth bright and clear in history as the date of the ending of the shooting down of men and the date of the beginning of the building up of industries."

The relations between Bernstorff and the Kaiser are illuminated by the visit of Dr. Bernard Dernburg to this country. Before the war Dr. Dernburg, a Berlin banker, was made Colonial Minister. It is gossiped in Berlin that Dernburg was put into the colonial office as a representative of big German interests furthering the aggression of Germany in international commerce. Now Dr. Dernburg and Count von Bernstorff belong to antagonistic political elements in the German Empire. It is believed in Berlin that Dr. Dernburg came to the country not only to raise money for the German Red Cross, not only to create a friendly feeling between Germany and the United States by a written and spoken propaganda, but on a secret business mission for the Kaiser. This mission was supposed to involve properties of the Kaiser in this country and in British Columbia, hundreds of thousands of acres of land. Dr. Dernburg was also to look after the Kaiser's affairs in the Hamburg-America line and the Hohenzollern block of the New York City loan. So far so good. But Dr. Dernburg made some more or less undiplomatic speeches, bringing great embarrassment to Count von Bernstorff in Washington. The two representatives of the Kaiser were working at cross purposes. The break between

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them became open. But although Dr. Dernburg was here on a special business mission for the Emperor, it was he who returned to Germany in disgrace; it was he who took the imperial rebuke.

CHAPTER VIII

THE KAISER AND HIS ROUND TABLE

THE world knew the existence of a round table in Germany when Maximilian Harden's sharp pen jabbed a few "scented male courtesans" out into the open. But to-day the Round Table is not a symbol for the neurotic—and erotic—court life of Germany. Rather by Round Table one means to-day those intimates of the Kaiser who are helping him try to bring Germany through the stress of war. It is an expression for that group of bankers, captains of industry, military and naval geniuses whose thoughts direct the destinies of Germany to-day. None of these modern knights of the Round Table is so strong that he dims the influence of the Kaiser in the councils. None is so sure of the Kaiser's favor that he can afford to blunder. One blunder and his Majesty washes his hands of the man. Prince Henry of Prussia, Moltke, Prince von Bülow, Dernburg, all blundered and lost their seats at the Round Table. It matters not who the man is, what his family connections, how powerful his position, how intimate he has been with the Kaiser, let him make one mistake on something of national importance and out he goes. For that is an unwritten law of the

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Kaiser's—loyalty does not absolve inefficiency.

To-day those who lose their seats at the Round Table are allowed to retire to their country estates. It amazes us that the Kaiser is no respecter of position. Americans remember the visit of Prince Henry; we have not forgotten that he seemed to be a "good sport." Some of us recall that when a newsboy recognized the imperial Prussian Prince in Chicago, he cried, "Hullo, Hank; how are you?" and that the Kaiser's brother hesitated, then tactfully grinned and replied, "I'm all right. How are you?" Americans liked Prince Henry because he seemed democratic. It was that very trait, that desire for good-will, which cost Prince Henry his seat at the Round Table. The unwritten laws of Germany are made of steel; that is one reason why official Germans are called "cold." Prince Henry felt the chill of the code; as it was told to me in Berlin:

Just before the war began, when the Kaiser went on his summer cruise to Norway, Prince Henry was left in unofficial charge of affairs of state. The Chancellor had to consult Prince Henry and he kept his brother, the Emperor, advised. This advice was a sifting commentary upon the information that Germany was receiving relative to the possibility of war from every European capitol. The Prince was in constant wireless communication with the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, for by July, 1914, war was simmering. In his desire for peace, Prince Henry gave the Emperor a wrong conception of the situation.

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In his good-will toward every one, Prince Henry was too optimistic about the chances of averting war—too optimistic over the Austrian ultimatum. He went to the Admiralty Staff, into that building where sat every officer whose whole life had been trained to meet “Der Tag!”—the day when Germany might face the English fleet. The feeling in the Admiralty was keyed high. Every officer expected war; many wanted war. To them Prince Henry said:

“I want all this talk of war with England to cease. Under no circumstance would England enter a European war. Now I want you men to hold your tongues. With England, war cannot come.”

It was this conviction of Prince Henry’s that England would not go to war which colored his judgment when he sifted out the diplomatic reports from every country and sent on his advice to the Kaiser aboard the imperial yacht. Prince Henry discredited reports of the swift mobilization of a big Russian army behind the East Prussian frontier. He let the Emperor stay at sea, believing that the presence of the War Lord away from Berlin would ease the diplomatic tension in every capital. His plan failed. The imperial yacht was just able to race back to Kiel for the Kaiser to strike first. The Kaiser’s signature, you see, is necessary on the mobilization order. Prince Henry’s indecision just failed by twenty-four hours of wrecking the plans for mobilization that Germany had built up for forty years—the plan to hit first.

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So runs Berlin gossip, concerning Prince Henry. I do not know those things to be true. I tried to verify the whole story but could only pin down parts. I do know that Prince Henry, who had gone with the German High Seas fleet on every practice cruise in good weather or bad, who had done more than any other man to develop the battle technique of that fleet, has been kept entirely in the background since the outbreak of war. It is impossible to obtain an interview with him for publication. I had one and the Foreign Office killed it. There was nothing in the interview to which objections could be made on grounds of national security; it was a mere conventional harangue on the "Freedom of the Seas"—that weird paradox which every nation enjoyed in peace time; and enjoying, had to make war, in order to enjoy it! No, there was nothing that would rock cabinets in my Prince Henry interview; simply, he was not to be exploited. He was under the Kaiser's frown. The name of Prince Henry is rarely seen in the German newspapers; his photograph just as seldom. Once when its absence was marked, the Kaiser posed with him for one. But at the council of the Round Table, Prince Henry does no longer sit.

Another favored one of that group used to be Helmuth von Moltke, Chief of the General Staff—not Kuno Moltke of the Harden scandal. Helmuth von Moltke is dead. The war broke his heart. A nephew of the great Moltke whose genius crushed

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France in 1870, he was beloved by the Kaiser. At the outbreak of the present war, Helmuth von Moltke was Chief of the General Staff. That meant that von Moltke alone was responsible to the Kaiser for the German arms. After the battle of the Marne, Moltke was removed as chief—an enormous disgrace in Germany. The fact that the Emperor was really fond of him, that his name was the name of one of the greatest military geniuses in history, made no difference. Off went his official head.

As a German officer told me, "Moltke was responsible for the German failure to get to Paris. The Chief of the General Staff is in absolute command. He must bear the responsibility to the Kaiser for the mistakes of any general. Moltke let certain German army generals take things in their own hands too much. He let some generals advance too fast, others too slow. He withdrew troops for East Prussia from the wrong army; and reinforced the wrong army in France. As a result we were caught in the battle of the Marne. The German populace demanded a victim; Moltke was the victim."

Moltke, after his downfall, was put in charge of the Supplementary General Staff that sits in Berlin. I saw him in one of those plainly furnished offices in that plain building where in peace time there sat planning this war, the most efficient General Staff in the world. Moltke's was the face of the living dead. He looked thoroughly crushed. There was

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no ambition in anything he did or said. His eyes were dull.

I know that during the great German offensive against Russia in 1915, an American correspondent got Moltke to talk about the importance of the fall of the Russian fortresses. The correspondent wrote his interview and took it to the censor. He wrote nothing of military importance. Yet the censor killed the entire interview. Apparently the name Moltke was not to be allowed to appear in print. And the censors kept his photographs out of the German illustrated papers. In 1916 he died. Officially, it was attributed to some disease but—Moltke died at the Marne. There his heart broke.

The Kaiser ousted from the Round Table another great one, Prince von Bülow. Now, all the Germans in the Diplomatic Corps do not enjoy a reputation for skill. As an Austrian laughingly told me, “When we, Austria, dictate the terms of peace in this war, we shall say to France, ‘France, you may have back all the land you have lost but in return you must take over the entire German Diplomatic Corps and use them in your own service.’” My Austrian friend could not have meant to include Prince Bülow, for, with Bernstorff, he is one of the smoothest diplomats in the world. Ousted from the chancellorship before the war, by an alliance between the Catholic and the *Junker* aristocratic parties of Germany, Prince Bülow was made the Kaiser’s minister to Italy.

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The Prince is married to an Italian. He was highly popular in Rome. Italy's repudiation of the Triple Alliance—in view of the Kaiser's marriage to Turkey—was no surprise in well-informed diplomatic circles. But at Prince Bülow, the Kaiser was in a rage. Bülow had shown marvelous cleverness in keeping Italy out of the war, as long as he did, but the Kaiser smiles only upon complete victory. Since Bülow was ousted from Italy he has found it more comfortable to spend most of his time at a villa in Switzerland. There idles Prince Bülow, a man of consummate diplomatic skill, a man whom Germany needs to-day in her Foreign Office. But he failed to keep Italy out of the war; so the Kaiser frowned and the Round Table lost him.

Bernard Dernburg flourished in the sun of the Kaiser's smile. Before the war, his Imperial Master called him from the banking business to do a miracle. The miracle was to clean out the sadly muddled German colonial system. Being wealthy and having bureaucratic ambitions, Dernburg gave up a \$50,000 job and resigned from the boards of several companies, work which yielded him \$25,000 a year more. At the call of the Kaiser he left his banking future for a yearly salary in the Cabinet of \$6,250. He received that and a splendid chance to dig a grave for himself. He dug the grave.

Dernburg lasted four years as Colonial Secretary, and then the Roman Catholic Center Party, which he had long fought, got him. For Dernburg knew how

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to make enemies; and only the very great can dare that.

From 1910 to 1914 Dernburg brooded in his villa amid the tall straight trees of the Grünwald, just outside Berlin. Then the Kaiser called him again. Once more he was in favor, once more among the elect of the Round Table. The Kaiser knew that at the age of nineteen Dernburg had studied banking methods in New York for three years. In the Imperial mind, Dernburg must therefore know business interests here. So the Kaiser selected Dernburg as the one man to go to America and make sure that the relations between the United States and Germany continued friendly—during the war. And, too, Dernburg was to look after some of the Kaiser's personal business interests here. The Kaiser also sent Dernburg as a Red Cross delegate; but the Kaiser had still other work for Dernburg than the collecting of money from German-Americans to buy bandages.

The Kaiser desired him to create a favorable sentiment for Germany in America. So Dernburg traveled up and down our continent making speeches. Many of his speeches did Germany more harm than good. Dernburg had not forgotten how to make enemies. He antagonized Amherst College by remarking in the middle of his speech that "he would have to pause to translate something as, doubtless, his audience understood no French." But Dernburg did nothing in America to reach the ears of the Kaiser and bring down the Imperial wrath until the

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Lusitania was sunk. Then, the Berlin Banker made one of those slips which several years before had so successfully killed him politically in Germany. With the feeling of the American people, white hot, over the slaughter of American lives at sea, Dernburg rushed into print with a justification of the sinking of the *Lusitania*. And the long arm of the Kaiser reached out. And Bernard Dernburg was once more lifted up from the chosen circle of the Round Table, and deposited in his comfortable villa in the Grünewald. To-day he is in Berlin, quite out of it, the imperial frown upon him. In New York I had met him; in Berlin I tried to get him to talk for publication; he dared not.

There are those of the Round Table who are there by grace of birth. Some of these, I know. Among them is Prince Friedrich Leopold of Prussia. The Prince is known as the dandy of the Prussian nobility. His uniform fits him excruciatingly tight. He also apes the English in his accent and mannerisms. The Prince is quite easily upset by little things and frequently has to come back from the front to rest at his charming Potsdam castle, Kleine Gleincke, in the motherly care of his charming and brainy wife. During one of the Prince's visits home from the front, the Kaiser came for tea. It was served in an old garden in a rustic lodge—where I took tea with him—facing a tennis-court where the Princess's two splendid athletic sons learned how to play so well. As usual Prince Friedrich Leopold

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was quite upset. As the tea service was passed, the Kaiser's fingers reached into the sugar bowl and took two lumps. The Prince was aghast, and being a Hohenzollern, dared speak:

"In my household, Your Majesty, we use sugar tongs."

The Kaiser glanced quickly at the Princess. He seemed about to burst into a rage, then he smiled. To the Prince the Kaiser remarked sweetly, "In my household, Prince Friedrich, the fingers are clean."

Seldom is the Emperor found wanting for a retort. But with all his advisors, retorts will not do. Among the most difficult persons of his Round Table to handle is Bertha Krupp—rather Frau Dr. Krupp-Von Bohlen. She has had many quarrels with the Kaiser. She has tread none too softly on the imperial toes. Once, invited to dinner at the Schloss in Berlin, she greatly disturbed the Kaiser in the presence of his guests. The Kaiser, who is immensely fond of caviar, was enjoying it hugely. He noticed that Bertha Krupp disdained the caviar served her. "Eat it," he said, in his impetuous way; "it is good."

Bertha Krupp turned up her nose. "I don't see how anybody can eat that stuff," she declared. The guests were duly shocked.

During the brief meeting I had with her in Berlin, I found Bertha Krupp a strong personality; she always has her own way—which is dangerous unless one has real ability. She has the ability. It is a

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sore memory with her that some officers in the German ordnance department considered the big guns turned out by the Skoda works in Austria superior to hers. Just before the war, the Skoda plant completed its triumph—the 30.5 centimeter howitzers drawn by traction engines.

“See,” the German objectors claimed, “Skoda is better than Krupp.”

“Wait,” said Bertha Krupp, “these Skoda guns while the biggest movable gun in the world to-day are not big enough.” And she produced for Germany the 42 centimeter howitzers, whose shells were nicknamed “Busy Berthas.”

After the Balkan War, the world was divided in the merits of the Krupp guns. Then, the Turks equipped with Krupp cannon were routed by the Balkan States using French artillery. The story went around the world, and Krupp prestige was hit a heavy blow. But Bertha Krupp wasn’t worried; she knew the quality of the Krupp guns that had been palmed off on the Turk. There were even many skeptics of Krupp in Germany until the Kaiser’s anniversary, a celebration just before the war, glorified at Essen. Two thousand engineers and department chiefs of Essen fêted the imperial birthday. Bertha Krupp, who had set the stage, got up in the presence of the Emperor and said:

“Much has been written and talked about the inefficiency of Krupp guns and Krupp workmanship. Is there any one among you who believes those

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fables? Is there a man here who would not be ready, like myself, to take the field against all comers, with Krupp guns and Krupp armor? I know you all think as I do, that each of us has the utmost confidence in these things which are our very selves."

Bertha Krupp knew what she was talking about—*"these things which are our very selves"*.... Guns, shells, blood. A stunned world knew too, when her guns began to roar.

The dreary plains of West Prussia are shadowed by a forest of chimneys and smoke stacks making the landscape still more ugly; and all through the night the sky is flared with red. There, in the valley of the Ruhr, the smoke is thickest; the crash of the steel mills loudest, for there is Essen, and there Bertha Krupp.

Of a winter's day in 1915 there came to her a summons. The Kaiser demanded her presence. So she left the belching, clanging mill which is her life and journeyed to great headquarters. One woman surrounded by the stern, grave, military geniuses of an empire; one woman for whose words they had held their decision. Kaiser, Chancellor, Chief of the General Staff, they all waited for her to speak before definitely deciding upon that gigantic military plan, the 1915 invasion of Russia.

"Is Essen," they asked her, "producing all it possibly can?"

Bertha Krupp turned her long thoughtful face to-

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ward the Kaiser, studying him with her steady, penetrating eyes. He grew impatient.

“Come, Frau Bertha—surely Essen cannot be producing to its limit.”

“Your Majesty,” she said slowly, “we are running night and day.”

“Speed up then,” exclaimed the Kaiser. “Speed up. We must have more guns.”

“But, Your Majesty, my workmen are already doing overtime.”

“I’ll give you more workmen. Shorten their hours. Speed up their jobs. We must have more guns.”

Bertha Krupp made a quick calculation. “How many?”

The Chief of the General Staff consulted his notes.

“By June first, I must have double the usual output of heavy guns from you. Is this possible?”

“It *must* be possible,” cut in the Emperor.

Bertha Krupp drew out the memo tablet she always carries and figured swiftly. The Kaiser looked on with ill-concealed impatience. “Well?”

“By June first, if you give me 2,000 extra workmen, I can guarantee delivery.”

“Good,” exclaimed the Kaiser.

The cold, relentless face of the Chief of the General Staff warmed ever so slightly to permit a faint smile. “I thank you, *Gnadige Frau*.”

And Bertha Krupp went back to the roaring, sweating mills of Essen and the Kaiser’s council

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never gave her a second thought. They know when Bertha Krupp promises, the goods are delivered. It was for her to see that the German army had an overwhelmingly superiority of artillery over the Russians. If she failed, the German offensive would fail. She did not fail.

Unlike Bertha Krupp, General Erich von Falkenhayn, in his dealings with the Emperor, is not impersonal—all business. He has intrigued, and played the courtier—versatile type that he is. A pal of the Crown Prince's, he also is intimate with the Kaiser—this an achievement in Berlin circles. He, too, was high in favor, a power of the Round Table until Verdun almost broke him. I know for a fact that Falkenhayn was last autumn slated for the Chancellorship.

Of course, Field Marshal von Hindenburg is high to-day in the Imperial good-will. He is utterly detached, and stands entirely on his achievements, content with that. But General von Mackensen, also in the good graces of the Kaiser, is a different type. Mackensen has produced military results; that cannot be denied him. He is an efficient tactician but no strategist. In Rumania, Serbia and Galicia, he merely executed strategic plans drawn up for him by the great General Staff. In his relations with the Kaiser, Mackensen is extremely personal. He is continually striving to curry favor. If the Kaiser meets a number of his generals, Mackensen is invariably the first to run over and kiss the imperial

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hand. He is one of those generals who believes in backing up his military efficiency with a fawning attitude toward the "All Highest." After he overran Serbia, von Mackensen sent a telegram to the Kaiser written in the divine strain that Wilhelm II invariably uses. And again, when he conquered Rumania did Mackensen in his report to the Kaiser "Prussianize" God. Everything the Kaiser does, so mimics Mackensen. He is the prize imperial "bootlicker" of the German army, and among its officers he is the least popular general.

It may be noted that the Rumanian campaign was conducted by two generals—Falkenhayn and Mackenson. Falkenhayn had the more difficult job—driving the Rumanians up and over the Carpathians and the Transylvanian Alps; and Falkenhayn, although a courtier, is an able strategist. Yet, when Bucharest was captured, only Mackensen received a telegram of congratulations from the Kaiser. Falkenhayn was ignored. He was no longer among the elect of the Round Table. Why? Verdun.

Around him to-day the Kaiser has gathered powerful men. He believes that with Germany in severe straits that only strong men should be at the helm. Accordingly as Secretary of Foreign Affairs, the Emperor eliminated von Jagow, called the "rubber-stamp," and installed Eugene Zimmerman, who looks what he is, an exponent of "shirt-sleeves diplomacy." Plain spoken, with a way of hitting out straight from the shoulder and hitting hard and ruth-

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lessly, Zimmerman is a man after the Emperor's heart. I have talked with him and know his "story."

When the Kaiser offered him the post as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Zimmerman knew that he would be under fire, from the aristocratic *Junker* (farm nobility) element; for Zimmerman represents "Big Business" at Wilhelmstrasse 76. He hesitated about rushing into an office that has broken one man after another in Germany. The Kaiser, appreciating the reasons for the indecision, pledged himself to stand firmly behind Zimmerman, no matter what pressure the *Junkers* might bring to bear. And to-day the tall, reddish-haired State Secretary is another imperial bulwark in breaking the waves of protest that the aristocrats of Germany are continually hurling at the Foreign Office. Perhaps, because he attempted to extend "frightfulness" across the Atlantic to Mexico and us, the *Junkers* are now satisfied that he is a "good German."

A deadly enemy of everything tolerant is the diminutive Dr. Ernest von Heydebrand, a power in the Round Table. He is called the "Uncrowned King of Prussia." He is the leader of the Conservatives, the *Junkers*. He hates the Chancellor and the United States with equal fervor.

Now, the Kaiser holds his Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, in one hand and Heydebrand in the other. He must continually keep them on even terms, for the "Uncrowned King of Prussia" has declared war

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on Bethmann-Hollweg. He has never forgiven the Chancellor for referring to him in a speech as a man "who carries his sword in his mouth."

The Kaiser's Socialistic measures are abhorrent to Heydebrand. An out-and-out reactionary, he squirms with pain every time the people are given a concession. The sight of a Socialist is sufficient to send him into a fury. What makes the situation difficult for the Kaiser is that his throne rests upon the support of Heydebrand's *Junkers*. They, and they alone, are the exponents of the Hohenzollern doctrine of rule by divine right.

Once during the war when there was a movement among the Socialists in Reichstag to demand that the Chancellor define the objects of the war so that the people would know what they were fighting for, a demand that he tell the nation what chance there was for peace. Heydebrand snarled, "The Kaiser should have authority to order a lieutenant and ten men to close the Reichstag any time he wishes."

Here we have the reactionary forces of the Round Table personified by Heydebrand, trying to push the Kaiser into a position where he would be more autocratic than the late Czar of Russia. Opposed to them we have the Kaiser's own shrewd expression that he desires no such condition and backing him are the "Big Business" interests of the country. Not least among them a little unostentatious Hamburg Jew—Albert Ballin.

To Ballin, Germany owes the amazing develop-

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ment of her mercantile marine and her overseas commerce. He is the builder and the managing director of the Hamburg-American line. The Kaiser has offered him diplomatic posts, cabinet portfolios and a title. Ballin is a sincere man; he knows that if he accepted a title from the Emperor, he would be expected to change his religion. He thinks more of that than he does of nobility. So he remains Herr Albert Ballin of Hamburg. The Kaiser is continually trying to press honors upon him. Thus far, he has only succeeded in making Ballin accept a photograph of his Majesty inscribed, "To the far-seeing pioneer of our mercantile marine and export trade."

Nothing of importance is done in this war without Ballin being summoned from Hamburg. When the war broke out, the "steamship king" went to the Kaiser and said, "We will be in trouble for food unless everything is systematized. I shall put the organization of my steamship lines at the disposal of the Government. I shall direct all our clerical forces in the production and the conservation of food stuffs. That is, if you wish me to."

Ballin's offer was accepted. He formed what is called *Centraleinkaufsgesellschaft* (Central-purchasing-company). Every bit of food procured from neutral countries and the food raised in Germany is handled to-day by Ballin's company. Without Ballin's foresight for organization, Germany would have been caught in 1915 in bitter straits for food. Germany owes an immense debt to the mod-

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est little Jew of Hamburg—a corner leg of the Round Table.

Decidedly *persona grata* with the Emperor to-day is Director Stuhmer of the Deutsche Bank. He won favor in May of 1915, by putting through two commercial treaties with Rumania which enabled Germany to obtain much needed oil and wheat. Stuhmer tried three times to write these treaties but was blocked each time by the diplomacy of the Entente. He stuck to his task, however, and finally accomplished it.

We must turn to another civilian, to find a man in power at the Round Table. He is Walter Rathenau, the head now of the General Electric Company of Germany, a billion-dollar corporation. Walter Rathenau inherited his position from his father, Emil, the pioneer of applied electricity in Germany. Just as Ballin, representing the great steamship interests, went to the Kaiser, so did Walter Rathenau. At the outbreak of war, he visited Wilhelm II at Potsdam.

“You have men enough in this war, Your Majesty, but you have not raw materials enough for a long fight. I will agree to head an organization to procure these materials.”

Like the offer of Ballin, the offer of Rathenau was accepted; for he is a captain of industry and thus admired of the Kaiser. With the imperial approval he formed what is called the *Kriegsrohstoffgesellschaft* (Raw-material-company-for-war). To-day

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Rathenau is at the head of this organization which controls every bit of raw material other than food-stuffs in Germany.

Closely allied with him, in making over industrial Germany with the Kaiser, is von Helfferich, the Imperial Treasurer, who has raised over fifty billion marks in war loans. Arthur von Gwinner, banker and railroad builder, is another powerful man, trusted by the Kaiser. Gwinner is the J. P. Morgan of Germany; he is the head of the Deutsche Bank, closely associated with the Imperial German Treasury. Gwinner is the man who obtained from Sultan Abdul Hamid the famous Baghdad Railroad concession, an investment of eighty million dollars. His Deutsche Bank has tentacles which reach out over the entire world, into South America and the Orient. It is to Gwinner that Germany owes the enormous gold reserve that reposed in the Imperial Treasury when the war began. It is said of him, that, when he was questioned by Maximilian Harden on the enormous sum of money that Germany was spending on her army and navy and was asked by Harden to use his influence to combat these staggering appropriations, he replied, "Half a billion dollars is not too much to pay for insurance on a foreign trade such as ours, which totals five billion dollars a year."

After the Battle of Jutland the Kaiser visited Stuttgart to see his seventy-eight-year-old confidant, whom some years before he impulsively proclaimed,

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“the greatest German of the twentieth century”—Count Zeppelin, now dead. By the battle of Jutland, Zeppelin justified the Emperor’s faith and support. It is not known what the Kaiser said to Count Zeppelin, what the exact words were, but the substance was, that he gave the old inventor full credit for Germany escaping utter defeat in that great naval battle. The Kaiser recognized and attributed to the Zeppelins—because of their scouting superiority over sea planes—and to them alone, the fact that the German High Seas fleet was able to take Beatty’s battle cruiser wing by surprise and then make good its escape before Jellicoe’s dreadnaughts could annihilate it. The German people actually expected the Zeppelins to blow up the French fortresses. The Kaiser expected nothing of the kind. And in the early months of the war Wilhelm II had to silence those of the military group who had bitterly opposed the development of the Zeppelin. “Wait,” counseled the Kaiser. They waited, and not until Jutland was the scouting value of the Zeppelin obvious to them all. A military failure, the Zeppelin is a naval success.

Zeppelin unconsciously created discord in the Round Table. Heydebrand, the “Uncrowned King of Prussia,” has demanded time and again that the Zeppelins be sent in such force over London as to wipe out the city. The Kaiser has opposed this hyperfrightfulness, supporting the Chancellor. In the fall of 1916, Heydebrand caused it to be whispered

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about that the “sentimentality of Bethmann-Hollweg is preventing Germany from using every weapon at her disposal.” So deadly was the poison thus spread, so insidiously was it undermining the Chancellor, that the Kaiser had to step in and urge Zeppelin to write a letter to the Chancellor saying that Bethmann-Hollweg had never opposed or hindered the operations of the Zeppelins against England.

In just such ways does the Kaiser play off one section of the Round Table against the other. No jealous courtiers, these whose minds are sifted by Wilhelm II at every council. Rather their position is amazingly medieval. Quietly, unobtrusively, the members of the Round Table efface themselves and their own accomplishments to glorify Imperial Germany—and its Kaiser, who, to them, must be a genius, a being anointed of God.

CHAPTER IX

THE KAISER AND HIS PAL

THE Kaiser's best friend is a tall, solidly built, graceful man, with that air of insouciance which more often comes with rare breeding than not; he is a wide-chested man, whose rather long head is serenely poised upon his broad shoulders; he is over fifty years, but with a trace of boyishness still in his aristocratic face. Full lipped, sunny eyed, wide of brow, the Kaiser's pal looks what he is, a man through and through. No dainty Eulenburg, he; no mincing Count Kuno, effeminate decadent of the old Round Table, is the man who is the Kaiser's best friend to-day. That circle of degeneration is gone. Instead, a real man is favored of the court—Prince Maximilian Egon zu Furstenburg.

At the source of the blue Danube, in the shadows of the dense Black Forest, a place of shooting preserves, prosperous-looking farm buildings and a charming estate, there lives the Kaiser's best friend. Vienna and Karlsruhe know him well. There he maintains luxurious town houses and during the winter season entertains with an open purse. Summer is apt to find him in one of his castles, Prague or Lana. For the Kaiser's best friend seems to have divided his living between the Fatherland and Aus-

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tria-Hungary, maintaining as he does a castle and a town-house in each country and besporing himself brilliantly in the aristocratic society of both nations.

In America, he is little known, the Kaiser's best friend. He seldom appears in the newspaper cables. I do not believe there has been a mention of him during this war. Yet, when everything seems to be going wrong, when it seems as if he has been driven into a corner, the Kaiser doesn't first assemble his Chancellor, his military and naval chiefs. Instead he sees Prince Maximilian Egon zu Furstenburg, his pal, the Colonel House of Germany.

To the Emperor he is Max. To the Emperor he is "*du*," that exceedingly intimate German way of saying, "you." When the pressure of the Tirpitz agitators became heavy, when it seemed impossible to cope with the popular wishes—poisoned wishes accomplished by Tirpitz and his agitators—the Kaiser took himself to Donau-Eschingen, that charming estate of Prince Max's at the source of the Danube. What happened there no one knows. One only knows what happened shortly afterwards. The Kaiser abruptly changed front on ruthless submarine warfare and endorsed it. Max, his "pal," said, yes. And when Prince Max says yes, things are in such a state that his affirmative is but a confirmation of the Kaiser's own unspoken thought. Back of ruthless submarine to those who know the ways of Imperial Germany is Maximilian Egon zu Furstenburg.

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The Kaiser's best friend is a millionaire, many times over. He is of the Austrian nobility and of the German nobility. If there is a power behind the throne in Germany, he is that power. Cabinet ministers and chancellors have had their advice swept aside by him. It is said that he is one of the exceedingly few men in the world to whom the Kaiser can talk as an absolute equal. When in the spring of 1915, after the Russians had been driven out of East Prussia, after the winter battle on the Masurian Swamps, the German General Staff directed by Falkenhayn insisted that no further great military efforts should be made against Russia. He believed that Hindenburg should be compelled to play a defensive rôle, abandon his cherished plan to capture Warsaw and indeed with as few men and guns as possible to hold back the Russians. When Falkenhayn received the endorsement of the General Staff for his plan, he laid it before the Kaiser.

Now the Kaiser's cabinet ministers favored it also. "The west front," they agreed. "Falkenhayn is right." But Hindenburg strategy was "Smash Russia. First gain a decision in the East." So the Kaiser was in a dilemma. Actually the Emperor favored the Falkenhayn scheme, for there were still traces of his old feud with Hindenburg. In his quandary, the Kaiser went to see his pal, Max. Now, Prince Furstenberg has a way of hitting out straight and hard when he talks to the Emperor. He doesn't say things that may or may not be true

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but which he judges are what his Majesty wants to hear. Prince Max is guided by one thing, the truth. And he comes out with it hard.

“Von Falkenhayn and all those who are supporting him in this plan,” Prince Max advised the Kaiser, “are wrong. Hindenburg is right. You must first gain a decision in the East. You must first deal Russia a blow from which it will take her long to recover. Then, and only then, can you risk big operations against France. You do not want a repetition of the drive for Paris—with Russia striking you hard in the back.”

Cabinet ministers, Falkenhayn, General Staff, were overridden. The man with the estate in the Black Forest had turned the day for Hindenburg, and months later Warsaw fell.

Now no sinister character of a best-selling Balkan romance is the Prince zu Furstenberg; no spider who sits in the middle of a web with his Emperor caught as a fly. No power has Prince Max which would suggest his lurking on the other side of a curtain, behind the throne and pulling wires that make a puppet monarch dance and do this and that. Fancy any one having such a power over the German Kaiser! But the Kaiser is human. Intensely so. He loves human companionship, especially if the person’s tastes are something like his.

And Prince Max’s are. Of an endearing personality, a connoisseur of art, music, literature; a successful business man, a far-seeing promoter of

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big industrial projects, a charming raconteur, Max or Maxchen, "little Max," as the Kaiser fondly calls him, is a man after the imperial heart. Offers of cabinet posts, the Chancellorship, anything, have been showered upon Prince Max by the Kaiser, but to all of them "Maxchen" has said, no. The Kaiser's personal friendship means too much to him. The relation is too much a part of Prince zu Furstenberg's own life to risk throwing it into the cross currents of official German service. For Prince Max knows that Prince Bülow was great and that Prince Bülow fell. Prince Max knows too well the rigid laws of German service, the rigid, unwritten code, one blunder spelling "finished." From the Kaiser he has taken but two honors. One is a title, Colonel Marshal of the Prussian Court. The post is entirely ceremonial and the Kaiser created it for him. The other title appears on billboards, which one sees quite often from the windows of German railroad trains. A large sign announces that "Furstenberg beer is the special table drink of his Majesty, the Kaiser and King." A glass of Prince Max's light beer just before bedtime, a slice of black bread and cheese is a favorite repast of the Kaiser's.

Like many men who have risen high in Germany, Prince zu Furstenberg attended the University of Bonn. Like Bethmann-Hollweg, Prince Max belonged to the Borussia student corps with the Kaiser. It is characteristic of the Emperor that he remembered these college friendships. If a man was dear

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to him at Bonn, and subsequently showed ability, the Kaiser helped him right along. It is no secret that the Kaiser is a great admirer of that product of modern civilization, the captain of industry. Prince Max is one of these famed persons. He heads a half-billion-dollar corporation which has been called the "Prince's Trust." It owns all sorts of projects from department stores to zinc and potash mines. People of Germany began to get an idea that Prince Max was rising in favor, when the Levant Line was lost to the influential shipping interest of Hamburg and the "Prince's Trust" got it.

For his rise to power in Germany, Prince Max has Maximilian Harden to thank. When Harden precipitated the scandal that drove Prince Philip zu Eulenburg from the head of the Kaiser's Round Table, Prince Furstenburg stepped into his place. He has held that position of influence because of his undeviating rule to tell the Kaiser the truth. It is no secret in Germany that before the Kaiser appointed Bethmann-Hollweg as Chancellor, he offered the post to Prince Max. Since that time Prince Max has always accompanied the Kaiser on important occasions. When the first dreadnaught of the new German navy was launched at Wilhelmshaven eight years ago, Prince Max stood at the Kaiser's side. During this war when the Kaiser went to Cuxhaven, Prince Max went too. Together they sat in the motor-launch bearing them toward the great fleet which swung at anchor behind the mine fields and fortifica-

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tions. Together they boarded the *Moltke*, big battle cruiser, then flag-ship. With Prince Max, the Kaiser inspected every part of the ship, and, when they left it was together and back to Berlin together. As the story goes in Berlin, Tirpitz after this visit vowed war to the finish on the Prince zu Furstenberg; but Father of the German navy, though he is, Tirpitz falsified facts to the Kaiser. And concerning him, Prince Max has no fears.

In the days of peace, after the Kaiser had gone on his periodic inspection tour of the fortifications of Heligoland, after he had visited the high seas fleet, he invariably headed south to his villa at Corfu under the Ionian sky. And to Corfu always went Prince Furstenberg. Back from Corfu the Emperor accompanied his pal, Max, to the Black Forest and the shooting box of Donau Eschingen. The imperial vacation ended there and leaving Prince Max the Kaiser buckled down to work in Berlin. And in the war, Prince Max is with him too.

The Great Headquarters of Charleville in France are flanked with sentry boxes, painted black, white, red. A tall flag pole rises straight and high from the château lawn, and beyond that the cream colored walls of the building show through the trees of the park. It was to Charleville early in the war that the Kaiser came with Prince Max. With his quick appraising judgment, the Kaiser's pal sized up the place where Wilhelm Hohenzollern was to live on and off during the war. Prince Max seemed par-

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ticularly interested in the roof. As the Kaiser and he walked through the garden, Prince Max craned his neck to get a glimpse of this roof. Apparently not satisfied, he disappeared just before luncheon. The story goes that the Prince went up into the garret and then scaled a ladder to the roof.

After luncheon he called aside the Chief of Staff and in his usual blunt, forceful way, the Kaiser's pal told him the truth.

"The French have made no aërial attacks on Charleville?" asked Prince Max.

"They could not," replied the Chief of Staff, "for miles and miles out, our anti-aircraft batteries cover every approach."

Prince Max shook his head. "Nothing can ever be completely safe!"

The fact is that the next day, the château in Charleville was fortified against aërial attack. Sacks filled with sand were piled on the roof and over them a shield of metal network to catch and explode any bombs that might be dropped from the clouds. No bombs on the Kaiser's head—not if "Maxchen" could help it. In just such ways, without openly interfering in the work of others, does the keen mind of Prince zu Furstenberg pick up little defects and remedy them. It is on record that French aëroplanes have attacked Charleville in this war. It is not on record, though, that an aërial bomb has ever fallen on the building where the Kaiser makes his headquarters. Those bags of Prince Max's filled

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with sand, massed on the roof would smother the power of any aëroplane bomb.

The gossip of Berlin has another story about Prince Max. It is impossible to find confirmation of it. It happened in July, that month of 1914, when the storm clouds were gathering. It must be considered that Prince Max owes allegiance to Austria, as well as to Prussia. That he holds a hereditary seat in the House of Peers of each country; that he has an Austrian wife and an inside knowledge of what is going on in the Dual Monarchy. As the story goes, when the Kaiser was away on his yachting trip, when he was cruising about the Norwegian fiords with Europe's capitals trembling with war, Prince Max became alarmed at his absence. Through his Austrian connections, the Prince knew that the old Emperor, Franz Josef, would not concede anything in his demands upon Serbia. Born a Bohemian, Prince Max felt very bitter over the assassination of the heir to the Austrian throne and his wife. The consort, Sophie, was a Bohemian princess, and she had thoroughly interested her husband in the aspirations of the Bohemians in the Dual Monarchy. Now that is a subject dear to the heart of Prince Max, who always is furthering Bohemian interests.

Thus, the slaying of this pro-Bohemian imperial heir was a heavy blow to Prince Furstenberg. During those days Prince Max's efforts to secure the "punishment" of the Serbian assassins were tire-

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less. The Austrian note to Serbia was not written without Prince Max knowing about it. He might almost be called a go-between for the Austrian and Prussian courts. Prince Max knew that the Austrian Premier would withdraw none of his demands, that he would insist upon Austrian judges sitting on the same bench with Serbian and trying the Serbian slayers of the heir to the Austrian throne. Prince Max knew that the Russian agents in Belgrade would effectively block any such concession on the part of Serbia. That meant war. All this time the Kaiser was in Norway.

Prince Max feared that Berlin was taking too optimistic a view of the situation. As it was told to me, he sent a wireless message to the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, acquainting the Kaiser with the fact that war between Serbia and Austria was inevitable and that this message was received at the same time as one from Berlin saying that the tension was easing and that war could be averted. It is characteristic of the Kaiser that he took the advice of his chum and on "Maxchen's" word came racing back to Kiel.

Indeed, it would seem that Germany has this unassuming, though fabulously wealthy prince, to thank for the fact that her Kaiser got back in time to sign the document that sent the vast wheels of mobilization to moving before it would have been too late to catch France by surprise. Some day, when history will be written, when events and men will be dropped into their proper places, when all the hysteria of

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prejudice and hero-worship will have been swept away, the importance of his Serene Highness, Prince Maximilian Egon zu Furstenberg, who keeps out of the newspapers, whose name rarely is mentioned, will be known. Time and again during this war the Kaiser has called him to the Schloss in Berlin, or has summoned him to great headquarters and sought his advice. Always has Prince Max given it straight out from the shoulder. Prince Max was born with none too much money; his private fortune to-day is about a hundred million dollars. His mind is deemed worthy to direct the Prince's Trust, which is to Germany what the House of Morgan is to America. The brain of such a man is something to contend with; it is something to weigh in the events of this war, especially when he is one of the persons whom the Kaiser considers an equal, whom the Kaiser calls "Little Max."

CHAPTER X

THE KAISER AND THE BIG THREE

GREATER after two years of war than the Round Table, shadowing even that group of Kaiser favorites, is the "Big Three"—Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Rated with captains of industry, like Ballin and Rathenau, as Round Table advisors to Wilhelm II, yet Bethmann-Hollweg, Hindenburg, and Ludendorff are greater than that. As the war has grown long, they have grown mighty. To-day they hold Germany in their hands—for the Kaiser.

All three, I know; and I know their power. What of two of these men, who in the days of peace were military nobodys, and of the Chancellor, then in a wavering, uninfluential position? And how they have risen to power with the Kaiser. One sentence, spoken by one of them, Ludendorff in December, 1916, tells the story. Said he: "The Kaiser, Hindenburg, the Chancellor and myself will decide the question of a ruthless submarine war, and not Herr Heydebrand and his party."

Of course, Ludendorff referred to the *Junkers*, the landed aristocrats of East Prussia, those High Priests of Frightfulness, whose leader Heydebrand is called the "Uncrowned King of Prussia."

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Let us go back—back to August of 1914, the German guns roaring at Liège, and to Ludendorff, a mere general among many, subordinate to von Emmich, in the operations against Belgium's glorious fortress; under fire was Ludendorff at Liège, not even precious enough to be kept out of the death zone; and he was the first German general to enter Liège when finally it fell. Headquartered there, he was busy assisting von Emmich with the work of occupation. To-day he is far greater than Emmich. . . . And in the meantime?

While Ludendorff was busy at Liège, the Russians were driving the Germans back in East Prussia. Every hour there the situation became more critical. The Slavonic inrush was like the roll of the ocean; Berlin was trembling. There came to Liège a peremptory telegram. Ludendorff obeyed it. His orderly hurriedly packed the iron-bound chest that German officers use, and in an hour a special train was hammering its way, out of Belgium, across Germany, to Posen where the Headquarters of the Army of the East was being put into new hands. There Ludendorff reported to the weary, but grim Hindenburg; there Hindenburg received him as Chief of Staff to the Army of the East. You see, there is a Chief of the Great General Staff, and subservient to him chiefs of army, of corps, of division, of brigade staffs. So while at Posen, Ludendorff was given a big job; still he was under Hindenburg who was at that time under the Chief of the Great General Staff.

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But at Posen was born the alliance between the two men that has after two years of war brought them to the top of Germany. To-day they are at the crest of power, standing with the Chancellor and facing the Kaiser—responsible to him and to him, alone.

You know that Hindenburg conceived that strategy of the battle Tanneberg which drove the Russians out of East Prussia. That battle made Hindenburg great. But always at his side was the tall, frigid, unemotional Ludendorff. To Hindenburg the German people give credit for all the successes they have achieved against Russia. Of Ludendorff, they never thought. They never knew he was always in the background. But the Kaiser knew. He knew that the brain of Ludendorff conceived the strategy of Germany's battle plans on the Eastern front, passing them up to Hindenburg, and that the Field Marshal decided upon them and was responsible to the Kaiser for their success. But in the newspapers, in the vaudeville theaters, it was always Hindenburg. The quiet, efficient Ludendorff went on working, creating his strategic masterpieces. And the Kaiser knew.

So when Hindenburg was made Chief of Staff with power over every army in Germany, he told the Kaiser, "There is one man who must be with me, Your Majesty."

"And who may he be?" asked the Kaiser.

"Ludendorff, Your Majesty. I want him for my Quartermaster General."

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And the Kaiser, who had been keeping tabs on the rising Ludendorff, wisely granted Hindenburg's request. Now that was not spontaneous, that request of Hindenburg's. Months before, when he knew Falkenhayn was certain to be ousted as Chief of the General Staff, for Verdun and for miscalculating the munition supply, Hindenburg and Ludendorff had evolved a plan for prosecuting the war from the day they would inevitably come into power.

Swiftly the plan disclosed itself. Upon Hindenburg's insistence, Ludendorff as Quartermaster General was given enormous power. He was made absolutely responsible for munitions, food, guns, factory labor, indeed for everything except the fighting. That was Hindenburg's job. One by one scattered departments fell under Ludendorff's control. Walter Rathenau, controlling all raw materials for the Imperial Government, had to confer with Ludendorff before taking any action. So had Ballin with his organization for the procuring of foods; so had Batocki, responsible for the distribution of food; so had Groener, handling the supply of labor—subordinated all to Ludendorff. And this was his policy.

“More guns, more munitions! Not only as many as our General Staff calculates we need, but as many as all the factories of Germany running at the limit of output can produce.” Enormous reserves of guns and munitions—that was the Ludendorff plan. Now how was he to procure these? Labor was

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scarce. It was Ludendorff who conceived that shocking plan—the deportation of Belgians, gathering them up out of their own country and putting them to work in German factories. It was Ludendorff who caused the bill to be passed making every man and woman in Germany between the ages of sixteen and sixty liable for service. Not enough labor to carry out his plan for creating a huge reserve of guns and munitions? One can imagine the cold lips of Ludendorff curling in a sneer. “Not enough labor when we can impress Belgians and women into our factories; when we’ve got two million prisoners who if they won’t work must be made to!” Again that relentless cynicism, so inhuman yet so efficient; again that chill code of the Prussian, “the end justifies the means.” So Ludendorff, a mere general among many at Liège, rose to a position where to-day he holds under his thumb every man and woman not in the army in Germany, controlling the food they get, the clothing they wear, the hours they work—an utter czar over millions of human beings and responsible for them only to Hindenburg and to the Kaiser.

Taking Ludendorff with him, Hindenburg rose. We have heard the story. I told it in my earlier book, “Behind the Scenes in Warring Germany,” how in the days of peace Hindenburg was the pest of the General Staff; how at the War Academy he used forever and ever to teach the defense of East Prussia, the topography and strategic value of the

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Masurian lakes and swamps, their possibilities for trapping a Russian army. How this thing obsessed him; how to the officers of the Staff, old Hindenburg became a terrible bore, forever plaguing them with his problems on East Prussia, and making them flee at his approach. How alone he used to sit in the Hanover cafés stroking his gloomy warty face and spilling beer on the wooden table-tops, which he would call East Prussia and then puddling the beer with his stubby fingertips into a semblance of the Masurian Lakes.

“Like rats I could drown them,” he used to mutter. They came to call him Swampy Hindenburg. . . .

And the rest of that story. The huge error of war. Moltke, in hurling all his masses of troops into Belgium and France, underestimated the speed of the Russian mobilization and left too few army corps to guard East Prussia. The Russians inundating the frontier—the Germans routed—their commander von Prittwitz, a bungler—the situation critical—the Germans being forced back toward the only strong line between the Russians and Berlin—the line, Königsberg, Posen, Thorn.

And then came that midnight conference between the Kaiser and Moltke, called after Wilhelm II had spent the day racing the imperial motor along the front and vainly exhorting his overwhelmed soldiers to stem the Russian horde. At that conference the Kaiser said, “Prittwitz must go.” We know that

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Moltke suggested one general after another as Prittwitz's successor. We know that to each name the Kaiser added a brief, "Won't do." Moltke then thought of the pest of Berlin, Swampy Hindenburg, and hesitatingly advanced his name.

"*Ausgeschlossen!* Out of the question," snapped the Kaiser.

His memory perhaps went back to a maneuver field of East Prussia with Wilhelm II, "By Grace of God, King of Prussia and German Emperor" in command of the army of the Reds. A general opposing him in command of the army of the Blues. Hindenburg, the umpire of the maneuvers. The great critique after the maneuvers. Hindenburg as umpire making criticisms on the operations, tearing the general who opposed the Kaiser to shreds, making no criticism of the War Lord. The Kaiser demanding to know why Hindenburg so obviously refrained from criticizing the way, he, Wilhelm II, had handled his army. And Hindenburg bluntly saying, "Your Majesty had I been in command of the troops opposing you, I could have driven your army into the Baltic Sea."

What a blow to the imperial pride! And in the presence of his Chief of Staff and his generals! And believing, as the Kaiser does, that he is a military genius! So with the impulsiveness that his Hanoverian mother gave to him, Wilhelm II broke Hindenburg, retired him. . . . And now Moltke suggested that this man be put in command of the Army

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of the East, that this laughing-stock of the War Academy and the General Staff be entrusted with keeping the Russians from Berlin. “*Unglaublich. Unbelievable!*”

And then the grim reasoning power, the heritage from his Hohenzollern father, combated this maternal trait of snap judgment; and the Kaiser meditated. In an hour he had summoned Moltke to the telephone. “Hindenburg,” was the Kaiser’s decision. The sting of the old wound, pique, open dislike—these things did Wilhelm II ignore when he appointed Hindenburg to command of the Army of the East.

In the dead of night they roused “Old Swampy” in Hanover. A motor dashed up. Picture the sleepy-eyed Hindenburg, roused from bed to receive the spick and span young officer, from the General Staff. “I have the honor to report, Herr General, that His Majesty has appointed you to assume command of the Army of the East.”

Gone were the grouchy days of the Lime Tree Café; gone were the days when the gouty Hindenburg would sit around a mopped table beneath a stunted tree, order his seidel of beer and pet the dogs of which he had a kennel at the inn. One can imagine his thoughts. “At the outbreak of war, I offered my services. I was declined. Now I am called. Perhaps the old man knows something else besides the fine points of dogs.”

Hurriedly, Hindenburg packed his uniform, an ab-

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surd, blue uniform of peace time. It was weeks after his appointment before a tailor delivered to him the gray-green suit of the field service. Imagine Old Swampy's thoughts as a special train hammered him across Prussia to Posen, where in a large forbidding castle he assumed control of the Headquarters of the Army of the East. Imagine him as the special train bore him toward the sound of the Russian guns, imagine him with a map of East Prussia spread across his knees, his stubby forefinger knowingly, aye maliciously tracing the line of the Masurian Lakes—that region which in peace time made him the bore of the Great General Staff. Imagine that at every important railroad station en route, officers leaped aboard the special and laid before him hour to hour reports of the Russian invasion—how many troops the Czar had at this point, how many the Germans could spare to hurl against them.

And then to him, came the cold, precise, quietly egotistical Ludendorff. What happened you know. You know that the Russian army of a quarter of a million men was annihilated in the Masurian Lakes and swamps. These very lakes and swamps that a member of the Reichstag had in peace time proposed to drain, and against which project Hindenburg had bitterly fought.

Now of that battle of Tannenberg which made Hindenburg, many stories have been told. But have we heard of how old Swampy Hindenburg began it?

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Picture him in the field. His staff around him. Couriers clattering up. Motor cyclists buzzing up the roads to make their reports. Telephones droning like bees. The telegraph clattering all that science could do to bring in to him the words from the front. And there the one man receiving it all. This peace-time joke of the German General Staff, the man, who, if the hour came, would drown men in those swamps, many thousands of them. Imagine this man, broken by the Kaiser, kicked out of the army because he had that terrible misfortune to be the umpire of the maneuver at which the All Highest person was a commanding general. Imagine him now realizing that everybody had been all wrong and he alone right. That he was now in command of the Army in the East—the one man in Germany picked by the Kaiser to check the Russian invasion. He was ready for the battle. His plans were all made. The tall, slender Ludendorff was at his side. Before starting his terrific flanking attack that was to envelop the Russians, in his own pet little swamp, Hindenburg waited for the report of an aviator. He stood with his watch in his hand. The aviator was late. Hindenburg was in a rage. To the whirl of the propeller, the Taube swooped down. The young officer leaped out, saluted Hindenburg and delivered to him the information he needed regarding the disposition of the Russian forces. Hindenburg turned to Ludendorff, and said, "Start the battle." Then he glanced at his watch, turned to the

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aviator and said, "You are two minutes late. You are under arrest."

Tannenberg began. The battle made Hindenburg. As he rose, so did Ludendorff rise. They rose steadily, side by side. To-day they dominate military Germany, answerable only to the Kaiser. They are two thirds of the big three. The other third is Theovald von Bethmann-Hollweg, the Imperial German Chancellor.

As Americans without prejudice, we can consider that in February of 1917 Bethmann-Hollweg spoke from an offended heart of the beautiful historic friendship of Germany for America, the sacred inheritance of Frederick the Great; knowing that during the previous month he had instructed his Secretary of Foreign Affairs to command Count Bernstorff to set Mexico and Japan against the United States.

Now I believe from a study of Imperial Germany that in his desire for peace with the United States, in his fight against ruthless submarine warfare, Bethmann-Hollweg was sincere. But he took the easiest way. Like the Kaiser, Bethmann-Hollweg is a contradiction. Like the Kaiser, he loathes the republican form of government. He has said, "The democratization of parliamentary systems in all countries has contributed toward lowering and coarsening political morals." Again he said, "Political culture and political education are not promoted but suffer in proportion as the suffrage is

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made more democratic." And again the Chancellor has said, "I see in the effort to elevate the weak among the people a great, perhaps the greatest and most ideal law of humanity." And the beautifully ironic thing about it is, that when Bethmann-Hollweg said that, he believed it. Which is getting us close to the psychology of Imperial Germany—the thing which took me three trips there to learn. It is that "the end justifies the means." It is embodied in these words of the Kaiser, "Remember that you are the chosen people. The spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the German Emperor." And being an emperor, one can of course do no wrong. And the Germans being the chosen people, they, of course, can do no wrong. You see, Americans "do not understand." We do not understand that the Superior Intelligence put Wilhelm II upon earth to spread civilization. You see, being anointed of God, indeed, as he has said his "vice-regent" on earth, Imperial Germany and its Chancellor can do no wrong. Whence come Zeppelins, ruthless submarine warfare, anything. Really the thing is quite simple.

Now Theovald von Bethmann-Hollweg made a very good imperial mouthpiece. Unlike Prince Bülow, the Chancellor who preceded him, Bethmann-Hollweg would compromise. His rise in Germany was quite conventional. He went to the University of Bonn, where the Kaiser went. He was a member of the same student corps, the Borussia, to which

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the Kaiser belonged. He was a classmate of the Kaiser. Very studious, his recreation to-day is reading Greek and Latin. Bethmann-Hollweg, strikingly tall with an intellectual face, was by training, by habit of thought, and by physical appearance, an ideal chancellor for Wilhelm II. Of him there has been written the usual stuff which biographers write—"ideal family man, loves his dogs, takes great joy in seeing the grain grow on his estates; his home-life is faultless." And the present writer has no reason to infer otherwise.

With him as an official, we Americans are more deeply concerned. The fact that Hohenfinow, the Chancellor's home, has three floors and a garret and faces on a pond is unimportant. What is important to us is that he told the German people he attempted to secure friendly relations with England, saying, "I thank God, gentlemen, that I did it; with God nothing is impossible. I would rather perish in such an effort than evade it." And what is more important is that the people believed it. Of course a cynic would say that there was one way to preserve good relations with England and that was to stop the race of the shipyards to create a navy as large as England's.

But shipyards built on and Tirpitz bellowed and the German people could not understand why England was not their friend. Now Bethmann-Hollweg's part in this war has been to bring his scholarship, his fine intellect, his serious, cultured face, his

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imposing, dignified figure, into the Reichstag and there impress the representatives of his people—just as it is the job of imposing statesmen in every land to impress the same dear “peepul.” He fought ruthless submarine warfare because he is idealist enough to shudder at the massacre of civilians at sea. The man has actually wept at caricatures of himself in the newspapers of Germany. Yet he will not go down in history as a colossal figure who fought the madness of his people, the lust for destruction, not naturally in their character, but as a part of their character and made a part of it by those imperial renegades Tirpitz, Reventlow, German “Big Business,” the *Junkers*, Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who tricked the German nation into a demand for ruthless submarine warfare. Bethmann-Hollweg fought that spread of mental poison until it menaced him as Chancellor. Then he compromised.

In his speeches during the war he has never been what is called an orator. As he says himself, “We have no time for rhetoric.” His public utterances have been clear, simple of statement, marshaled skillfully as to facts, devoid of contrast, devoid of humor, devoid of apt quotations which he could easily inject from his marvelous knowledge of literature. His delivery too is equally unimpressive. Speaking in a pleasantly modulated baritone voice, disregarding gestures, never pausing, never consciously attempting to kindle sentiment, he puts his hearers on the

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same plane of intelligence with himself. He writes out every speech and memorizes it; but from the way he talks one would never know it.

Of course, of him, it must be duly written that he rises at seven, rides a horse in the park for an hour, takes his breakfast and then works until midnight. It must be conventionally recorded that he has no time for public functions, that he much prefers to read Homer in the original and to listen to Mozart. When he visits the front he hands out cigars to the soldiers with the prodigality of a Tammany politician on "outing day." He can also make the "simplest countrymen of the ranks feel at ease in the presence of the first official of the Empire." To Americans who interview him he invariably expresses his love for Mark Twain and for Emerson, whom he calls "America's foremost philosopher and its most illustrious representative among the world's greatest thinkers."

During the war he has uttered several things which will preserve his name in history, among them his unfortunate remark to the English ambassador at the outbreak of war, "So you are going to make war upon us for a scrap of paper." If for nothing else, Bethmann-Hollweg will be remembered by that phrase. He is a philosopher, which enables him to stand abuse. His ten years of the chancellorship reminds one of the loyal working-hours of a worthy shipping clerk seeking advancement. For Wilhelm II has said to him, "My dear Bethmann, no matter

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how much pressure they shall bring upon me, I shall never let you go." Just as he compromised on his friendliness for America, with his ideals on ruthless submarine warfare, so has he compromised with every political party in Germany. He has deceived every party in the Reichstag since he has been Chancellor. He has double-crossed and played fast and loose with all of them. When Wilhelm II is finished with him, there cannot be another Bismarck cartoon—"Dropping the pilot." For Bethmann-Hollweg has not been pilot of the German ship of state, rather he has been the first mate, a cultured, impressive, erudite mate—a very docile Chancellor who has done exactly as the Kaiser has told him and who never, like Prince Bülow or Bismarck, both big men, crossed the imperial path. Rather he bows and steps accommodatingly aside.

CHAPTER X

INSIDE THE IRON RING

EVERY schoolboy has read the story of Robinson Crusoe and his battle with nature to sustain life, to build himself an abode and defend himself against the savages. On a vast scale Germany to-day is the Robinson Crusoe among nations. Hemmed in by a ring of steel, isolated by the diplomacy of neutrality, and thrown wholly upon her own resources, the Kaiser's internal battle against exhaustion is a recital of surpassing interest.

Out of the war in Europe comes a new science in living. Germany has been "starved" into condition; but how long her people will stand for the terrible shortages is another story. One revolts against two years of worse than a sick-room diet.

Now where do these supplies required on the "war diet" come from; and are they enough to enable Germany to hold out indefinitely?

For clarity we must go back to the outbreak of the war—to Herr Ballin. The "steamship king of Hamburg" formed an organization for the purchase of food from neutral countries. To-day Germany obtains from Holland occasional dairy products, including cheese, of Holland origin. Those products,

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and some cattle, are also coming from Denmark and Sweden. From Norway come quantities of salt fish, likewise from Sweden. Switzerland is in desperate need of sugar, coal, iron and manufactured products. Germany gives her these commodities and in return obtains cheese, chocolate and some beef on the hoof. In spring of 1916 Germany obtained four million tons of wheat from Rumania; but to-day her storehouses are bare. Hebrews living in Russia and with no love for that country sold wheat to Germany through Sweden. From America, no one knows how much supplies the Germans received early in the war. The English knew that they have taken from Holland, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian steamers, quantities of food products, destined for Germany. There have been sent packages of food in parcels post. The English know how much they have intercepted. The Ballin Purchasing Organization obtains these products.

It is subordinate to Batocki, the Food Dictator; who answers to Ludendorff, the military economic Czar of the Empire, answerable only to Hindenburg and the Kaiser. Batocki's power is over every ounce of food in Germany. With Ludendorff in as supreme Economic Dictator, the "discretionary power" of the provinces was eliminated and control of all food distribution became centralized under his subordinate Batocki in Berlin. For example, in the autumn of 1916, he ordered a house-to-house food inventory taken of the entire Empire. The committee

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knows how much and what kind of food is in Germany. Privately owned food, however, bought before the present exacting food regulations went into effect, was not confiscated.

Now I have been surveying the German food situation at close range. Can they hold out in their substitution diet? Are the substituted supplies adequate? Will the new diet debilitate the fighting and working efficiency of the people, or will Germany come through the "war cure" revitalized.

The analogy is medical. The German Government is the physician; the nation is the patient; for the patient has been prescribed a diet of emergency rations. The Government allows each person in Germany to-day food cards. These are issued free of charge—daily to hotel guests, weekly to householders. They have coupons, covering different articles of food. Without these coupons it is impossible to obtain the food which they cover. In buying food at an eating place or from a store one must give up a coupon equivalent to the amount purchased. Without that it is impossible to obtain the food anywhere, except by subterfuge—as we shall see.

Of course the German people have tried to "beat the game." Depots containing food cards have been broken into. Hotels and boarding houses have applied for more cards than they have guests. People have obtained food in small quantities without cards. For some reason cards are not necessary in

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railroad stations and on trains. Some Germans will buy a railroad ticket so as to be able to get into the depot dining-room—where cards are not necessary. But in the main the people are playing the game. They have to.

The coupons are issued every week and allow one-half a pound of meat. "Meat" means beef, hog-meat, lamb.

In accordance with the needs of his customers and the regulations each butcher is allowed so much meat a week. Concerning this I was informed by an American resident of Hamburg:

"On Saturday nights a friend will telephone you. He will say, 'My butcher has an extra leg of lamb. Do you want it?' You jump at it and say, 'Send it up at once.' You do not ask, how large is the leg of lamb, how much is it—simply, 'Send it over.' And be glad you get it.

"One day I learned that a smoked ham was on the market—*sub rosa*, of course. Now my family likes smoked ham. We hadn't had a ham in six months. So I went after it. Friends of mine, Americans, were also after it. The bidding ran up but I finally landed the ham. It cost me \$45—cheap at that when you consider how scarce ham is today."

With game, chicken is not on the meat cards today. But early in October of 1916 an attempt was made in Hamburg to put chicken on the meat cards. Chicken remained on the meat cards exactly one

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week. The people refused to check out its lower nourishment against their meat cards—beef being on the cards at the same standard as chicken. So millions of pounds of chicken out of storage spoiled in the market places. The public refused to buy. Too much control was rebuked. So chicken was taken off the meat card and is now on the "free list," like fish, geese, hare, pheasant, partridge, deer, and ducks.

Of these meats one can buy as much as one's pocket allows. Geese cost at the end of 1916, 90 cents a pound, chicken 70 cents, a hare about \$1, a pheasant \$1.35 and partridge \$1.25. The prices of restricted meats are: veal, 80 cents a pound; steak, 70 cents; lamb, 60 cents; ham and bacon, \$1.65, and other kinds of pork unquoted. Prices rise steadily. Pork has been a problem. Because of a fodder shortage the first few months of war, an enormous percentage of hogs were slaughtered. Since then the supply of live hog has slowly been built up until by November of 1916 it was only 40 per cent. below peace-time tonnage. But as other products become scarcer this pork will have to be cut into.

Pork and potatoes have long been the food of the German under-classes. Realizing this, the Government has made each city put its work in cold storage. To-day to people short of money, pork is sold at thirty-six cents a pound. Only the poor people are allowed to buy pork at this price—thirty-six cents for the poor! They have to request special pork

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cards which allow them one pound a week. More than 50 per cent. of the people in German cities agreed not to buy any pork so that the poor could have it. For the very needy, the bones of the government food factories containing marrow and scraps of meat are sold. This is twelve cents a pound for soup meat.

To-day eggs are being conserved. Out of the clear sky came the announcement inspired by Ludendorff to the German public that there were to be restrictions on eggs. On October, 1916, the command went out—one egg a week, at 10 cents per egg. By January of 1917, it had become one egg in two weeks. In the rural districts, Bavaria and Mecklenburg in particular, this edict was not in effect. After farmers had been deprived of many of the commodities they raised, it was not thought that sentiment would also accede to the withdrawal of eggs. In every war, the rural sentiment is always a bit more selfish than that of the city, and Germany is no exception. Indeed, for holding out supplies from the government control which buys at a fixed price, rich farm proprietors have been jailed and fined.

Butter was also restricted by the food laws which allowed only one-fifth of a pound a week. In the market, butter varied from 40 to 65 cents a pound. But just as my friend procured a ham for \$45—in defiance of the food laws—so is butter obtainable in Hamburg. By the underground route, butter may be bought for \$1.25 per pound. The high price is

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because it is obtained "illegitimately." An interesting case of how the butter problem is circumvented occurred in Hamburg. A retailer there imported four thousand cans of cooked mackerel from Sweden. In the bottom of the can was a little mackerel. The rest was butter. It was billed "mackerel preserved in butter." As such it was imported, within the German law, and could not be confiscated, mackerel not being on the list. The story went around Hamburg and when the 4,000 tins were placed on sale, they were gobbled up. The butter in one of them was weighed. The people discovered that they had been buying this butter at the rate of \$1.75 a pound.

To encourage householders to preserve fruits and vegetables the Government said it refused to allow them to buy sugar for anything but that purpose. The price is 8 cents a pound. But it was because sugar beet land was given over to potatoes that the commodity was regulated. Instead of sugar, the coal tar product saccharine, three hundred times as sweet as sugar, is used. Hotels, restaurants and cafés serve with each hot drink, a piece of saccharine about half as big as a quarter of a split pea. Also, saccharine, forbidden under a law of 1902 for anything but scientific purposes, is now being sold broadcast. There are two factories in Germany today making saccharine. As an illustration of the wide ramifications of German war control, this fact is interesting. The factory cost including profit of

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saccharine is two dollars a pound. It is sold to the public at sixteen dollars a pound!

Potatoes—7 pounds a week—is the backbone of the German diet. At a dinner of the Second Bavarian Army Corps Staff in Lille an American correspondent liked the Bavarian beer and, quite late in the evening, loudly told the Bavarian officers: “You fellows are not Germans. You’re Irishmen brought up on beer.” That remark now historic in Prince Ruprecht’s army could be reversed in Germany to-day. For it is the food staple of Ireland—potatoes—that is the chief food of Germany at war.

Potato flour is used in the bread and potatoes are eaten enormously. Six weeks of rain, shortage of horses and carts and laborers caused in 1916 a dangerous situation in the potato crop. Early in October the people were cut down from ten to seven pounds a week. The people pin their faith on potatoes. They have been taught to by a propaganda, initiated with the outbreak of war. If potatoes fail—and they nearly failed in 1916—Germany is gone.

The German bread supply is as uncertain as the potato. Germany allows each ten slices of bread made from wheat, cornmeal, and 20 per cent. potato flour.

Milk is reserved for babies, but if one cares about paying 20 cents a quart one can often buy by the “underground route”—meaning retailers breaking the food laws and risking jail.

Such are the foods for which there are cards—

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those mentioned, and oranges and lemons of which there is a decided shortage.

The supply of vegetables grown in Germany and the countries of her allies is large and the Teuton will become a vegetarian—or revolt.

Onions are on sale everywhere for 8 cents a pound—cabbage for 5 cents, cauliflower 25 cents a head, turnips 5 cents a pound, beans 15 cents, Kohlrabi 3 cents, apples 15 cents, peas 60 cents. Like cheese of which there is an abundance—German, Holland, Swiss and Scandinavian cheese—vegetables and fruits (excepting oranges and lemons) are not restricted. Nor is fish, which is to be had in unlimited quantities every day.

Not so the output of beer. Through the commandeering of hops the production of beer has been curtailed. Also, the quality is not as good, and as a result the German people are not drinking as much beer. For instance, in Munich, the greatest beer city in the Empire, the famous Hofbrau House is closed between three and four in the afternoon. All but one beer-drinking hall in that building is closed—this because of a big decrease in the volume of business. The brewers do not receive permission to buy their ingredients from the government food control until they have contracted to sell 40 per cent. of their output to the army and navy at a price fixed by law.

In devious ways the average German bends and twists around to meet the conditions of the im-

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perial food restrictions. Food is the chief topic of conversation; food is a luxury. One spends one's "entertainment money" to buy the food one wants—and then cannot always buy it. Householders meet weekly and trade off their food cards. Picture the scene—the parlor of a German dwelling, somewhere a bust or picture of Bismarck; a half dozen *Hausfrauen*, imagine them sitting there—the guest of honor, after the German custom, on the sofa.

"I will exchange five hundred grams of bread tickets for two hundred grams of soap."

Two women strike the bargain tearing off coupons to the designated amount and exchanging them. Thus will one family which needs more bread than soap be able to purchase it and *vice versa*.

The poor are fed from central stations. In every big city of Germany one sees the food kitchens. In Berlin, for example, behind the Alexanderplatz are eight huge soup tanks. The man in charge says that he has enough supplies on hand for this one kitchen to feed one million people for three years. I doubt the statement. Every barge and boat hitched on the canals is filled with reserve foods. A mixture composed of meat or fish, potatoes, vegetables, beans, dried beans, is cooked at the central station, such as this one in Berlin. It is then loaded into fireless cookers and conveyed by auto drays to substations. These are in charge of volunteer committees of well-to-do women. If the people can pay for this food they do, ten to fifteen cents a day; if they cannot,

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they get it for nothing. As the war drags on, as the food stringency increases, Ludendorff may put everybody in the Empire on food kitchens.

As for one with money, one cannot go into a public eating place and order the kind of food one's appetite dictates—far from it. One cannot serve on the table of a home the kind of food one wants. It is a case of using those foods which the law allows and going without certain foods that the appetite may crave. As your purse is, so do you eat. The lot of the poor is shocking.

There are grumblings and evasions of the food law. The women of the poorer classes whose men are at the front are the principal trouble makers; and they have reason to kick. Regularly there are demonstrations; the cry goes up, "We are hungry."

But the soldier husbands and sons of these poor women must not complain—Kaiser axiom, "A full stomach makes a contented mind." The army must have what it wants and all it wants. The *morale*—that lovely word—of the soldiers must be kept up. There must be no dissatisfaction about food at the front. So the German soldiers have not been restricted like the civilians. They are not held to a half pound of beef, lamb and hog a week, nor to adulterated coffee, or ten slices of bread a day. There is no set standard for the feeding of the men. They get all they need, except when conditions of warfare prevent or transports fail. Soldiers in reserve, however, and those on duty in the Empire, do

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not get as much food as the men at the front. But when they are sent to the firing line they are fed up—before the slaughter. It is a joke of the army that the soldiers do not like furloughs, because they then have to go home and face fatless cupboards.

Wherefore the propaganda to curb the appetite for certain foods and keep the soldiers in good humor. The professors of the Elzbacher Commission, which evolved the scientific theory of feeding Germany, is conducting a general propaganda urging the German people to restrict their daily food consumption to the equivalent of 3,000 calories. And so we come to the scientific foundation upon which Germany is trying to avert starvation.

There came to Berlin a few years before the war broke out that revolutionary American, pink cheeked, for all his sixty-seven years and white hair, Horace Fletcher. Americans know him by the verb "Fletcherize." He brought with him the results of his experiments in food. The German professors said "very interesting." They put copies of the Fletcher reports in their files and kept the secret—a secret just as important to Germany as the secret of 42 centimeter guns, mobilization details, Zeppelins and U-boats. The professors kept the Fletcher reports in their files to use if ever the nation needed them. Now when war came they got out these reports. And the food economics of Horace Fletcher is the basis for the work of the commission headed by Dr. Paul Elzbacher. The Elz-

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bacher commission determined the problem, how little food the Germans could get along on, hungry but not starving. Batocki's commission deals in the material side of it, the actual distribution of the food. But that is based on Dr. Elzbacher's theories and the Elzbacher commission is based upon the work of Horace Fletcher and Dr. Hindhede, the Danish Government's food expert.

In the experimental laboratory in Copenhagen that the Danish Government provided Dr. Hindhede, Horace Fletcher and I talked with him of these things. They are two of the most important men on the economics of food in the world to-day. Hindhede backed by his Government; Fletcher, the food economic expert of the Belgium Relief Commission and of the Industrial Consulting Board of the United States navy. From "an entirely neutral standpoint, dealing with the question merely as a scientific topic," they both told me "*to starve out Germany is impossible.*" They made this statement, however, from their scientific viewpoints, leaving human nature out of their calculations; being scientists, interested in only what the German people, any people, actually need to sustain life. They ignored that there are rigors that people, even disciplined Germans, will in time revolt against.

To understand their startling opinions we must deal with the scientific. The world has been used to living on the König standard of nutrition. That was evolved fifty years ago by Carl Voit in Munich.

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It was to establish a standard for the daily nourishment of the human body. It is based upon this formula:

5 grams of protein (protein repairing the cell tissues of the body. Protein is found in large quantities in meat, eggs, fish, and other foods).

3 grams of fat (fat from butter and fatty foods).

1 gram of carbohydrate (sugar and starchy foods).

That is what was accepted fifty years ago. Now heat and energy for the body are figured by the unit, "calorie." Hence to live according to the König standard—as the world has been doing for fifty years—our daily food intake is in this proportion.

5 grams protein.... = 20.5 calories

3 grams fat..... = 27.9 calories

1 gram carbohydrate = 4.1 calories

That is a total of fifty-three and one-tenth calories. That means that out of every hundred calories supplied the human body, over 38 per cent. must be protein. But since the König formula was accepted by science, the experiments of Horace Fletcher, Dr. Hindhede, Irving Fisher of Yale University, Graham Lusk of Cornell, Gebhart of the Sage Foundation, and Chittenden of Yale, have proven beyond all doubt that the human body needs only *10 per cent. of its calories from protein.*

But the white race is used to living under the fifty

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years' old König standard. And that is the fundamental reason why the white race does not understand why Germany is holding out on food. For the world is used to taking from 30 to 38 per cent. of its daily nourishment in the form of meat, eggs and other high protein foods. The world knows that Germany has not an abundance of these things. Therefore, the world wonders how Germany lives. But Germany is living to-day under the scientifically proven standards of that band of food revolutionaries, Fletcher, Hindhede and their colleagues. How long the Germans will stand for the "sanitarium menu" is another question.

They base their statements on the marvelous Hindhede experiments and the results obtained by the Belgium Relief Commission which issues its food under a prescription evolved by Fletcher and Hindhede. The Belgians do not get three thousand calories a day. For "inactives" the prescription is twelve hundred to seventeen hundred calories. For normal sedentary occupations eighteen hundred to twenty-four hundred calories. Only for hard physical labor is from twenty-four hundred to three thousand given.

This prescription costs the Belgian Commission seven cents a day for the feeding of each Belgian. Every person receives a pint of soup, a different kind each day; nine ounces of nearly whole wheat bread; and potatoes, herrings, rice, baked beans, a bit of bacon, cheese, pinches of coffee and sugar in

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varying quantities. The result of the Fletcher-Hindhede prescription in Belgium is startling. *The death rate in Belgium to-day, after two years of living under that prescription, is less than eight per thousand per annum. That is a little more than one-half of the death rate of New York, 1913, 1914, then the lowest in the world's history. In other words, it has been proven by the distribution of ten million dollars' worth of food a month in Belgium that the less food and above all the less protein people eat, the healthier the people become. But people hate food deprivation; hence the danger to Germany putting her plan through to the end.*

In viewing the German food situation, facts such as one egg in two weeks, half a pound of meat, one-fifth of a pound of butter, coffee from acorns, jams from turnips, are important. They are important because they are breeders of discontent. For us, considering preparedness, it is important to know and to educate our people up to the fact that the human body needs for sedentary occupation but eighteen to twenty-four hundred calories of food a day, only 10 per cent. of which need be protein. In proving that, Belgium has done the world an enormous service. Germany to-day is getting three thousand calories per person and her sources for the kind of food that makes up these three thousand calories are ample. But her people are not educated up to scientific living; and discontent and the spirit of revolt, grows.

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The story of Germany's fight for food I have told. How from out of her national body the Kaiser has caused to be supplied the sinews of war and industry, the elements of production and rejuvenation, is another story equally graphic and instructive. Out of it all comes great facts bearing upon the future; facts that give new significance to government, to trade, and to industry.

What Germany is doing in conservation, in management and in science, to defy the laws of trade, the rigors of blockade, and the wastage of elements through war, gives a new aspect to economies, agriculture and self-control. In the material zone of supply it is revealed that the keynote is "substitution." So is it known in the vernacular, though in reality it is the creation of new elements out of waste, out of by-products, from neglected sources of supply. When the American cotton-loaded ships were denied the ports of Bremen and Hamburg, it was forecast that the German guns would soon cease to roar across the lines of the Allies. But these opinions counted without the skill of unostentatious professors working feverishly over test tubes and crucibles. For a substitute was devised—cotton from wood fiber. It was a short step to gun cotton and to the cannon's mouth.

Simultaneously the supply of petroleum was curtailed. The problem was more than to control the reserves and conserve the source within the Empire. It was to create a substitute for the many

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by-products—particularly petrol, the moving force of transportation; and glycerine needed in nitroglycerine for explosions. The importance in modern war of oils and fats is enormous. Without them a nation is powerless.

So Germany called into consultation metallurgical and agricultural experts. They organized a committee for vegetable and animal fats and oils. They gathered statistics which presented an appalling problem. They found that in the year before the war Germany had imported seeds yielding 570,000 tons of oil and that the home production was only 20,000 tons. Obviously from this source alone, war made Germany short half a million tons of oil. Further, they found that nearly 2,000,000 tons of animal fats had been imported.

Facing this enormous deficit of supply, drastic measures of conservation were necessary and also other sources of oil supplies had to be found. So the chemists were put to work and substitutes for oil were found. Then one of the greatest agricultural experts in the world discovered that the sesame plant growing in Syria gives up an oil. Scientists directed that sunflowers be grown all over the Empire. They discovered that the end of this plant furnishes a good oil.

One sees school children bringing sacks of fruit pits and seeds to collection stations. One sees receptacles in dining cars and restaurants for the deposit of pits and seeds. The German chemists de-

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rive oil from this waste. They have taken walnuts, beechnuts, poppies, and dregs from the making of vinegar and made them give up oil. The extraction from coal of an oil containing ingredients akin to petroleum, yielding paraffin and lubricating oil, was accomplished only recently at a laboratory in Meulheim. Professor Emil Fisher was the discoverer of this newest of the German substitutes.

The Germans used to use petroleum to ward off gas attacks made by the Allies on the Western front. They dug a little ditch in front of their trench, filled it with petroleum, igniting it when the gas began to drift toward their line. The heat of the burning petroleum drove the gas high over the heads of the German soldiers. But it also produced a heavy smoke that blew back on the men in the German firing pits, hindering their aim. So the army asked for an actual substitute. A scientist found it on the seacoast of Denmark. He discovered there a grass, "link grass" which will burn without smoke and develop great heat. So the chemists advised the importation of tons of this grass into Germany—which is being done. And oil is being saved.

The committee then decided that the fats used in food consumption were more necessary for the needs of the war machine. So on two days in the week it was forbidden to use grease of any kind in preparing food. A person was allowed only a fifth of a pound of butter a week and no more fat. It was prohibited to sell cream in the city. Fat conserva-

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tion includes soap. The soap used in Germany to-day contains only 20 per cent. of the fats and rosin used before the war; there is a soap powder containing only 5 per cent. fat. Thus a source of supply that had gone into the human stomach and the washing of the body was turned over to the scientists.

From these fat conservations the German chemists obtained supplies from which they extracted oil and greases used in the manufacture of explosives. This conservation work was extended throughout industry. It was forbidden to use oils and fats for lubricating machinery, wagons, or oiling floors. From nearly half a million tons the consumption of animal fats by the textile and leather industry was reduced to 40,000 tons. More grease for the munition manufacturers. Conservation extended to the front. At all the army slaughter houses, behind the firing line, fat frying plants have been built. One of these plants in France sends back twelve thousand pounds of fat a day to Germany.

So much for substitution and conservation of oil and fats. The one source of natural oil supply in the Teutonic countries is the oil fields of Eastern Austro-Hungary. The supply from these is constant but nowhere near enough to supply the needs of the two countries. So, to eke out its sources of supplies, Germany has had to depend upon foreign countries. Which brings us to Norway. The Germans import to-day quantities of train oil from

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Norway, paying \$150 a ton. The peace-time price is \$10. They also import a staggering amount of canned sardines, using the oil in which the fish are preserved for the manufacture of explosives.

Oil is also coming from Sweden and secretly from Holland. It is against the laws of the Swedish Government to export contraband to Germany; and oil is recognized contraband. Recently a Swedish ship cleared from Stockholm to Gothenburg. It was loaded with petroleum—transportation from one Swedish city to another by water. When the ship arrived at its destination it was discovered that the barrels supposed to contain petroleum were filled with water. The Swedish neutrality squad after an investigation learned that in sailing down the Baltic Sea, the Swedish ship had called at the German port of Warnemunde, that it had discharged its entire cargo of oil and taken on a cargo of water. The barrels discharged and the barrels taken on were identical in construction and marking, except that the Germans had made a mistake and used red paint for the marking instead of black! In such ways does Germany obtain Russian oil from Sweden.

Holland also cannot export this contraband to Germany, so it is smuggled across the frontier—just as it is also smuggled from Denmark. It is estimated to-day that in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, there are 5,000 people professionally engaged in the business of smuggling oil and other contrabands into Germany. From the United

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States, Germany used to smuggle a little oil through the British blockade.

Rumania, however, is another source of oil supply. Before Rumania entered the war, Germany obtained tons of petroleum from the rich Rumanian oil fields. Now the closing of this source of supply has intensified Germany's efforts to obtain oil through the chemists. One must not forget, however, that in Galicia there are big oil fields. Without Rumanian oil the Germans were able to pinch along; but with the Rumanian oil fields captured the situation became safe.

The blockade also cut off from Germany leather and wool. Again the chemists performed their miracles. After months of experimenting they have succeeded in extracting from a weed, a fiber that is a substitute for wool. And from a plant they have made a substitute for leather. Now these commodities—the real thing only reaching Germany through smuggling from neutral countries—these substitutes had to be strengthened by conservation. With the result that manufacturers of fancy leather goods no longer receive the raw product in Germany. It has been withdrawn. Their factories in some cases are shut and in other cases are turning out harness and gun straps for the army.

The wool conservation has extended to the civilian. One can buy all the *silk* socks one wants in Germany. One cannot buy *wool* socks unless one has a permit from the authorities. One can buy all the fancy pa-

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jamas one wants but no wool shirts. In other words, the conservation is not against luxuries but against articles necessary for the Empire to maintain war. And wool is one of these. A woman, for instance, cannot buy a new suit of clothes unless she demonstrates to the police that her old suit will not do. If she does that, they give her a permit to buy a new suit. Also, the sellers of clothing have had their stock checked up by the authorities and for every suit they sell they must show the permit which the purchaser turns in. Heavy fines are imposed for selling clothes without permits. The same is true of shoes, the conservation control also being upon leather.

The importation of nitrate from Chili being cut off, Germany had to look about for a new source of supply. Nitrogen is necessary for the manufacture of explosives and the fertilizing of farm land. The German chemists found the supply in the air. They perfected a Scandinavian process for extracting nitrogen from the air. Capital was raised from private sources and government subsidies were given. As a result there are five plants in Germany to-day extracting nitrogen from the air and the Germans have the process down to such a fine point that it is not expensive. They declare that when peace comes they will not have to import any nitrates from Chili; indeed, that they intend to become a nitrate exporting country!

For steel, iron and coal, Germany and Austria
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Hungary are entirely sufficient unto themselves. Their natural resources in these minerals, also zinc, give them no source for worry. But in captured France and in Belgium, there are coal, iron and steel mines running full blast. It was part of the plans of the German General Staff to control these sources of enemy supply quickly on the outbreak of war. Kluck's army and Hausen overran Belgium and the Crown Prince took Longwy in France, which from a distance looks like a small Pittsburgh.

There is made in Sweden a very excellent steel for the manufacture of guns. Ordnance experts say that for such a purpose the Swedish ores are the best in the world. Sweden is exporting these ores to Germany, also food supplies, fish, dairy products and Russian oil and wheat. It has frequently happened that a Swedish ship containing ore has cleared for Russia, France, or England. Somehow the Germans generally know where in the Baltic Sea these Swedish ships are to be found. The Germans capture them or else take off the cargo and then sink them. Now in most cases of this sort a deal has previously been worked up in Stockholm between German agents and the owners of the ship and cargo. If Sweden did contraband business openly with Germany, England would very justly step on her overseas commerce.

Of course, Germany and the countries of her allies have not natural sources of rubber. Again the problem—conservation, substitution, importation.

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Conservation has been achieved by prohibiting the use of rubber in ordinary articles of commerce. For example, since the rubber edict went into effect, no manufacturers have produced atomizers with rubber bulbs. The further manufacture of rubbers for rainy weather has been stopped. Taxicabs in great numbers have been withdrawn, not because of a lack of fuel but because of the rubber they use up in tires. But the army must have tires for trucks and the staff automobiles. So the chemists have produced from vegetable fiber and minerals a substitute for rubber. It is coarse and cannot be used in the manufacture of fine articles, surgeons' gloves for instance. But for heavier work it does quite well. The German commercial agents have taken up the rest of the burden. The *Deutschland* carried back crude rubber from Baltimore. German agents in Scandinavia work feverishly to get rubber into Germany—and they succeeded. The average Scandinavian is perfectly willing to be fined by his Government for exporting this contraband—with German commercial agents paying his fine.

From Holland, rubber comes by the same methods. In one case especially constructed freight cars were built. Each car had a series of false compartments. These were filled with rubber. To maintain its neutrality, the Dutch Government cannot allow contraband which comes from America to be reexported to Germany. A \$5,000 bribe, however, can work wonders. Not that the Dutch Government

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can be bribed; but it has to rely upon its inspectors at the frontier. Now in this particular shipment of rubber to Germany, open grain cars were used. Grain cars are inspected by men pushing long poles down into the grain. They measure the depth of the grain and compare it with the depth of the car. Of course, if there are false bottoms, the pole will hit this bottom and will not register the proper depth. So in building the false bottoms, spaces were carefully left so that the grain pole could go all the way down and show the proper depth. There are always English agents watching these inspections at the Dutch frontier. So on the shipment for which one of these inspectors got \$5000, he knew just where to put the grain pole so that it showed no false bottom in the cars—and a quantity of much needed rubber went into Germany.

Also, rubber has been smuggled through on steamers inspected by the British. It was brought through the blockade in trunks with false bottoms, in hollowed out masts, under the deck planking, under smoking-room seats, from life boats, and from the parcels post. Before cotton was put on the contraband list it was a favorite device to fill the inside of a bale of cotton with crude rubber. But now all sources of rubber from America are cut off and as the war goes on Germany faces an extremely dangerous situation.

The blockade brought Germany face to face with another problem—copper. For this no substitute

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has been found. The nearest the Germans have come to it is a discovery that iron covered with a certain secret alloy can be used instead of copper in the manufacture of certain parts of a shell. Then there are the "artificial" copper resources of Germany itself. By "artificial" I mean roofs, electric wires and kitchen utensils, metal building accessories. Over a year ago a census was taken of all the copper and nickel in the Empire and these metals were commandeered. When the Germans captured Serbia, they captured a small but good copper mine which is running to-day; and factories of Poland, Belgium and Northern France have been stripped of their copper.

Copper is not as serious a problem as nickel. There are no nickel mines in Germany and she has no substitute for it. By the end of 1917 nickel should be a comparative rarity in Germany.

To understand how these supplies are put into the economic life of Germany to-day we must consider Walter Rathenau and *Kriegsrohstoff*—war-raw-materials. This organization undertook to procure needed articles from foreign countries; to handle materials captured by the German army; to control all the raw material in Germany itself; and to put chemists to work obtaining substitutes where necessary. Obviously Rathenau's task was enormous. He, like Batocki for food, answers to Ludendorff, who answers to the Kaiser.

All raw material in the Empire is controlled by

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this Rathenau organization. So vastly developed is the task that it was necessary to form special companies to handle each commodity. For instance, there is a *Kriegsmetal Gesellschaft* for handling metals. But each sub-company is under Rathenau.

He handles the German industrial problem in this way: First, the needs of the army and navy are considered. Government and private manufacturers producing things needed for the war are allotted their supplies. These are makers of ammunition, guns, rifles, uniforms, blankets, shirts, shoes, harness, in fact everything an army and navy needs. The supplies are handed out every month. Manufacturers pay only a 5 per cent. increase in price—this to cover all the overhead charges of the Rathenau organization. After “war business” has been supplied the wants of German industry not engaged in war manufacture are then considered. In dealing out supplies to these plants, the general commercial good of the Empire is the only policy ruling the distribution.

As I have shown, the use of leather and wool has greatly curtailed; but a maker of dye stuffs or chemicals may be supplied. For it is with these latter commodities that Germany expects to make her attack on world trade when peace comes. All factories built in peace time for quick war conversion got preferential rates from the government railroads. The Girmes Silk Mills of Grenfeld, for example, are now manufacturing ammunition. The

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United Artificial Silk Factories of Frankfort am Main are drying fruits and vegetables for the army. Wertheim, a department store man, is making shells in a factory outside of Berlin. Of course, the Nuremberg toy factories are practically shut down. So are the German potash works. Industries like coal, iron, steel, the manufacture of railroad carriages—in short, big plants such as have been converted in this country for war manufacture are doing the same kind of work in Germany.

And the Government is seeing to the labor supply. It has been carelessly written that the world need have no fear of German goods when the war is over; that there are so many workmen in the German army and so many workmen engaged in the manufacture of shells, that Germany will not be able to dump upon the world an accumulation of goods that she has manufactured during war. Such statements are not entirely correct. The bulk of the ammunition making in Germany is being done by women, old men, and prisoners of war. Although English prisoners refuse to do this work, the Russian prisoners, as a rule, have shown few scruples about being paid for making ammunition. The French have, and they were ruthlessly handled. For example, two members of the Swiss Red Cross, say they saw this sign in a prison camp in Dusseldorf:

“All means including force if necessary, will be employed to compel prisoners to work in the fac-

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tory. . . . It will be quite useless for prisoners to appeal to the rules and regulations of their own country. . . . The German Government takes full responsibility for the prisoner's work and will hand to every prisoner when released a certificate to the effect that he worked in the factory under compulsion."

The prison camps have afforded enormous sources of labor. Factories needing labor hire prisoners from the Government for 40 cents a day per man. The factory pays the prisoner 25 cents a day and feeds him. On prisoners who could do factory work the German Government has often made as much as \$360,000 a day. The English, more than any nationality, have refused to rent themselves out for such work, preferring the prison camp life, lack of money and hardships, approaching torture, to any assistance they might be giving the enemy. Germany has also imported labor from Holland, Switzerland and Scandinavia. Also, with the shrewd declaration of Poland's autonomy, Polish laborers were sent to Germany; and for all Germans unfit for military service and up to sixty years of age there is now compulsory labor.

Germany is already at work on her reconstruction period. The Friedensübergang (going over to peace) Kommission has been formed. It is headed by Senator Stahmer of the Hamburg Parliament. Associated with him are the heads of German industry. They are regularly meeting to devise ways

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and means for the handling of the Empire's imports, exports, and monopolies when peace comes.

Senator Stahmer's committee for reconstruction works close to Rathenau's organization committee. The Rathenau project has acquired many monopolies during the war. The Stahmer committee must determine which of these monopolies are to be retained in peace time. Monopolies by the Government will lessen the need for taxation to pay the bills of the war.

The monopoly idea is going in all directions. Since the outbreak of war there has been a government monopoly on salt—which will be retained. In captured territory there is a meat monopoly. The headquarters of this is Posen. Live stock bought by the Government in captured territory is brought to Posen and resold in Germany at a big profit. The Government shares in this profit with private individuals. It is the system of indirect tax.

The Government is getting money on nearly everything that is sold in Germany to-day. In addition to their regular taxes, the people are paying the indirect tax. For example: There is a cigarette paper making company in Warsaw which sells an enormous quantity to a German company. To the German consumers the price is then raised 100 per cent. —the Government taking 40 per cent. of its profits. *So the "high cost of living" is helping to pay the Government's cost on the war.*

The Stahmer commission has about decided to re-

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tain the monopolies upon salt, tobacco, wheat and oil. They will probably put severe limitations on imports. These will last for only a few years until German commerce gets going again. Only those articles which German industry will absolutely need—copper, nickel, cotton, wool, oil and machinery—will be allowed to come into the country. In exchange for these there will go out the dye stuffs and chemicals. It is the hope of the Stahmer commission to build up the value of the mark in foreign countries by large quantities of expensive exports, instead of making big deposits of gold. But that seems absurd.

Germany is paying almost as much attention to the economic war that will come with peace as she is to the war to-day. As a part of the general war plans of the German Empire, certain factories of Belgium and Northern France—which is the industrial section of France—have been ruthlessly dismantled. It will take two years after peace before these industries can get going again—unless Germany is crushed and made to make amends.

In looking forward to the German economic situation after the war, we must reveal how she has financed it up to date. Her five war loans totalling fifty-two billion marks at 5 per cent. interest, all raised in the country, have amazed financial authorities the world over. In considering these loans one should first consider surface things. For example, some German coal and iron companies that paid nothing in

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1915 have now issued reports showing good dividends. In other cases there have been large increases in dividends. The farmers harvested better crops in 1916 than a year before. Laborers have never earned so much money. Army officers are receiving unheard of pay. The deposits of the Disconto Gesellschaft in 1916 showed a gain of 75 per cent. over the year before. This phenomenon is possible because the Germans are earning and saving money on a scale not anticipated. How can they be when they have no commerce?

The German money goes into savings banks. The banks must subscribe a certain percentage to the war loan. The Government pays to industry out of this loan for all articles needed by the army and navy. The people thus get back the money they deposited as war wages. The banks get it back as deposits. The money really goes round in a circle —as the Germans claim.

But there are certain twists to this circle. Let us begin with the Dahlens Kasse. These are banking institutions formed with the sanction of the Government at the outbreak of war. They were formed so that the German people might borrow money on securities of all kinds. *Also, the Dahlens Kasse must loan money on any government security.* From 30 to 70 per cent. is loaned according to the different securities. *On the strength of these securities the new institutions issued the one- and two-mark paper currency to be seen in Germany to-day.*

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This has no gold backing; was merely issued against securities and the Government is not behind it. How much money of this kind is in circulation nobody knows. Now the German imperial reports show that paper has been issued against gold in a proportion of three to one. But this Dahleens Kasse money is accepted by the banks as deposits and is later subscribed by the banks to government war loans. Therefore the proportion of three to one of gold to currency does not hold good. The Dahleens Kasse money makes it much greater.

It is suspected that a considerable part of each successive German war loan has been financed in this way. Holders of the first loan take the bonds to the Dahleens Kasse, borrow money on them and subscribe to the second loan. They take the second loan bonds, borrow money on them and subscribe to the third loan. And so on. Thus, an inverted pyramid is being erected. It has been pointed out that this pyramid will become so top heavy that it will crash down. It will if the war drags on.

The German gold reserve is continually being increased; but not enough. From time to time people are bringing in gold ornaments, giving them up voluntarily, taking in exchange a duplicate of the ornament in iron, inscribed "We give gold for iron." If they don't give it, they take currency in exchange. The price of the fifth German loan was 98. Correspondents have written that this only indicates a moderate lowering of the Government's borrowing

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power. That is absurd—because German money being shut off from the world has not been put to the international test.

This German loan proposition is a big problem for peace time. The Government is using all sorts of measures to check off against the loan. In addition to the regular peace-time income taxes of the country, the Government to-day takes 50 per cent. of the increase in your income since the war began—if your income has increased. In other words, it levies half of all money made by the war. It levies an indirect tax, as we have seen, in the case of cattle and cigarette paper; and on any other controlled product. What this tax is the people do not know; but they are paying it.

The interest charge against five German loans comes to \$650,000,000 a year. The Government has guaranteed not to convert the first of these loans before 1924. In other words it has pledged itself to pay out \$650,000,000 a year in interest. It is the belief of financial experts that Germany is not going to do any such thing. The financial history of war shows that a government when peace is declared, invariably offers a re-issue of its war time loans agreeing to convert them in about one half the time stipulated when borrowed. In other words the German Government may want these loans taken up five years before their maturity, thus saving over \$3,000,000,000 in interest. Of course it cannot do this. The people will not be obliged by law to ex-

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change their bonds. But such things have a way of being made advisable.

Certain it is that Germany cannot put on heavy taxes when the war is over. Heavy taxes mean higher wages, higher wages mean increased manufacturing costs. That means, increased selling costs. That means German goods will have to go into the world at unattractive prices, that German commerce will suffer. And Germany has not built twenty-eight freight steamers since the war began for nothing. And Germany is not going to handicap her chances of making her exports maintain a proportion to her imports that will allow her to get on her feet.

And this is where the Stahmer committee for devising means for financial and industrial reconstruction comes in again.

From all I can learn it has advised no big taxation increase when peace comes; but universal confiscation. In other words, rich and poor alike will have to give up a certain varying lump sum of money. Thus nobody will suffer. Nobody will be richer, nobody will be poorer than they were before. The money possessions of everybody will be arbitrarily decreased. What will also likely happen is that the Government's interest charges on its loans will be cut down; indirect taxation will probably continue, and there will be certain outright government monopoly on salt, tobacco, wheat and possibly alcohol.

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It has long been the German custom to conduct a paradoxical state—Socialistic and autocratic. To-day the Socialistic state is practically in operation. The German House of Lords does not like it. A member said: “Yes, in war time Socialism is all right; but in peace time, no.” But every sign indicates more and more Government Socialism—in peace time, too. The German people will demand concessions from the Kaiser, if, indeed, the world does not. .

CHAPTER XII

WHY WE ARE FIGHTING GERMANY

THERE are some of us who are obscure as to why our country has entered the European War. Do you remember in the Iliad, the prayer of Ajax in the Battle of the Ships? He prayed to Father Zeus for light. "*And forthwith he smote the mist, and drove away the murk from heaven; and the sun shone forth, and the whole face of the battle was made plain.*"

Our country has gone to war not against a people but against a thing. The thing is Prussianism. We see the word daily in the newspapers. Our President referred to it in addressing Congress. What is it?

On April 2, 1917, Woodrow Wilson sealed a new epoch of the world's history when he said, "I advise that the Congress . . . exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war. . . . We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. . . . A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be entrusted to keep faith within it, or observe

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its covenants. . . . Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend. . . . We shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the rights of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments.”

That was a declaration of war upon Prussianism. It was a declaration of war for lasting peace. For with Prussianism amuck in the world, there can be no peace.

Belgium, the *Lusitania*, the Rheims Cathedral, bomb plots in America, promises made and broken by Imperial Germany, submarine warfare that ignores international law and humanity, the Zeppelin horrors visited on London, they are but manifestations of Prussianism. They are the spots of the disease. The disease has infected Germany.

Prussianism is a bitter code. Its unwritten laws are as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a code that the end justifies the means, that any act is entirely right because it is done to serve the end. The end is conquest by Imperial Germany. It is against the doctrine of live and let live. It is against the individual, be he German or American. In Germany he is made efficient, merely to serve the end—conquest by Imperial Germany. “What we now wish to attain,” wrote General Bernhardi, “must be fought for, and won” and “stamp a large part of humanity with the impress of the German spirit.”

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We have Prussianism strikingly shown by contrasting the colonial policies of Germany and England. When the Germans acquired their colony in East Africa, they at once sought to transform it into something entirely German. They tried to wipe out the native customs, substituting German customs. They tried to make the natives speak German. They tried to Germanize the whole area. They also tried this after acquiring Alsace-Lorraine, Silesia, Schleswig and Holstein. And they succeeded—or destroyed.

When England acquired the Boer Republics, she let them retain their own customs and their own language. And when the war came, the British Boer colonies, which Germany expected to revolt, remained loyal to England. In the one case Prussianism was the method and it failed. In England's case it was the doctrine of "live and let live" and that doctrine—*our* doctrine—won.

Now Prussianism has not always been the *motif* of the German nation—although one might say that it began at the time of Napoleon. One might almost say that Napoleon was indirectly responsible for Prussianism. His treatment of Prussia's queen embittered Prussia. It made Prussia suspicious, hard and vengeful. Queen Louise's Prussian general, Stein, began German militarism. You remember how Napoleon told Queen Louise that she could have a standing army of but twenty thousand men. How Stein raised this standing army of twenty thou-

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sand men and when it was trained, he passed it into a reserve and called up another twenty thousand men and then another, and another—tricking Napoleon by never having more than twenty thousand under arms at one time. It was these Prussians under Blucher who really beat Napoleon at Waterloo.

And then Prussianism drifted off, and Voltaire's Germany "in the clouds" came in again. And the world did not hear of Prussianism again until after the Franco-Prussian War, and then it was a different thing from that of Queen Louise's day. It was conceived by Bismarck who became afraid of it in his old age and warned the present Kaiser of its dangers. But Wilhelm II would brook no interference, and Prussianism grew into the monster that is to-day devouring him and his autocracy.

There are many of us who have a wrong conception of Germany. Uncle Sam is our conception of our own country. John Bull is our conception of England. A professor with large spectacles, our conception of Germany—but not any longer. The new—the Prussianized—Germany is personified by a military figure of imposing build, helmeted and spurred, with up-turned mustache, a commanding eye and a powerful arm encased in mail; handsome, witty, cynical, brutal, a strong and clever bully—this figure is the symbol of Prussianism. For there are two Germanys. The one was and still is. I loved that old Germany so much that it took me two years to find New Germany. Old Germany is the

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Germany that gave the world Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and Goethe's *Faust*. It is the Germany that gave the world the fairy tales of Grimm; that gave Schubert and Schuman, Schiller, Heine, Brahms, Mozart and Wagner. It is the Germany that made Voltaire say that while France ruled the land and England the sea, Germany ruled the clouds. *That Germany* exists even to-day. It exists way down deep, gasping under the Prussianism that has been superimposed all over it. It is the Germany that we are *not* at war with. It is the Germany that President Wilson had in mind when he said, "We have no quarrel with the German people." We are at war with the thing that caused the symbol of Germany to change from the absent-minded professor to the military bully.

As you know, the German Empire came into being by the war of 1870. Then the Germans were people that the world loved. They were known for their music, for their songs, for their heavy philosophy, and for Goethe. They drank quantities of beer, were very religious, very sentimental, and very clumsy. That was the Germany that could *not* conquer the world. To do that was not in the minds of the people. Nor was the physical prowess of its men suited to conquest. They ate too much and exercised too little. They thought too placidly. They were steeped in beer, Protestantism and sentimentality.

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The times changed. Under Bismarck there came into their official life, into their intercourse with other nations, treachery. That began the day when Bismarck forged the Ems telegram and used it to inflame France and the German people into the Franco-Prussian War. The success of that war created a period of band-braying, flag-waving, roaring choruses of song, and the defiant thumping of stone mugs on table tops. Bismarck's phrase "We Germans fear God, and nothing else in the world," caused the Teuton chest to expand. It was expanding when Wilhelm II came to the throne.

Now, the Kaiser in his youth studied the socialistic systems of Schmoeller and Muller. He inherited a country that was seething with Socialism. The utterances of Karl Marx were making Socialist converts by the thousands. For every Socialist that was put in jail, five more were made. So the Kaiser and Bismarck got together and they evolved a basis for Prussianism—which is Monarchical Socialism. Bismarck's recipe was, "Give the people a soft bed and a full belly and they won't think too much." So Imperial Germany took out of Socialism many of the things in it that the people wanted, and gave them these things—reforms from the throne down, instead of being belched forth by the mob in revolution. It was a tricky, imperial bribe. The German people were given state-accident, old-age, non-employment and sickness insurances. They were given maximum and minimum wage laws.

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They were given rebates by Government-owned railroads so that the export trade would have every advantage in competing with the goods of other nations. They were given easy freight rates on ocean steamers belonging to great lines in which the Kaiser was a big stockholder. They were made to see that poverty and slums were almost eliminated from the German nation. They were given pretty parks, excellent drama and music at cheap prices, cheap street-car and railroad transportation and a multitude of moderate-priced and good restaurants. The saying, "In Germany a mark is worth a dollar," was truth. So the people, having a soft bed and being well-fed and well-looked after, did not think too much. And Prussianism spun its web.

Now, the world did not distrust this New Germany. The world admired the German state—what it was doing for its people. All the world admired, except a few penetrating thinkers, and they, of course, were called sensationalists. The world and the German people could not see then—although the world sees it now, to its sorrow—that behind this mechanistic state, there was something sinister. It was a world-wide plot, its secret slogan "World dominion or downfall." And like the world, the German people did not know it either—only the clique around the throne knew.

The clique made the German people comfortable so that they would love their country. Loving their country, feeling it something worth while preserv-

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ing, the people were in a mood to shed their blood for it, to preserve it. It was the object of the War Lords of Germany to build the state up to an amazing point of efficiency—for war; to make all the men in it who could be made so, physically fit by compulsory gymnastics, perfect specimens of manhood—more valuable soldiers. It was their object to encourage science to such a point that the most wonderful inventions and discoveries would be utilized—for purposes of war. And it was their object to take the sentimentality out of the German people and make them as a unit, ruthless and hard, capable of any act against humanity. And they succeeded.

Let us see how. Go back to the time of Bismarck, to the accession of Wilhelm II. The new, strong Germany, emerging from the Franco-Prussian War, felt many things stirring within it—virility and dreams of achievement. It groped for an expression of this new national force. It was not given to the German nation to find this in any of its writers or song-makers. Certainly Goethe had not expressed it. And then suddenly it came to them. It came in a book called *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, written in the early nineties by Frederich Wilhelm Nietzsche. He had written many books before this but none of them had been popular with the German people. He had abused them too much, but in this book Nietzsche did not antagonize his fellow-countrymen. The book became the Bible of New Germany. Also, he wrote in the book a message against

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Socialism. This exactly fitted the needs of the Kaiser and his War Lords. They found in *Thus Spake Zarathustra* a weapon against the socialistic spirit spreading in the Empire; besides, it carried an extremely subtle and poisonous message of "hardness." It was written so cleverly that the average person reading it believed that, while the writer might be scoffing at everybody else in the world, he (the reader) was the man whom the writer meant as standing head and shoulders above the mob. The book's key-note is in this sentence, "*A new beatitude I give unto you. Be hard.*" That and another, "*You tell me that a good cause hallows even war. I tell you that a good war hallows any cause.*" And still another, "*And thus I would have women and men; the one for bearing children, the other for making warfare.*" And in this book the German people were told that only the strong were fit to survive—and the young German Empire was just beginning to feel its oats! They were told that the weak should perish and that they should be helped on their way, for the weak were only holding back the progress of the world. And the young German giant sagely nodded his head and said, "That is right; it is our duty to help the weak perish." The book also held that any natural inclination was all right, because it was stimulated by Nature, and that any one who curbed such inclination was weak and unfit. And so Berlin changed into one of the most immoral capitals in Europe.

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Illegitimacy increased; was even encouraged. It meant more soldiers for the Kaiser and his War Lords.

The book had an enormous circulation—a circulation secretly encouraged by the Government. It was used in all the universities. It began to be taken as gospel by the ruling classes, by the men in official positions and by the army officers. I can never forget talking to a captain of the Prussian Guards. He told me, "When the war began, I told my soldiers that the discipline must be perfect. If I caught any one of them in a breach of discipline, I would degrade him. In Germany we degrade a soldier by tying him to the wheel of a wagon and he stands there for many hours while the other troops march by. I told my men that I would not take a man so degraded, into battle because a degraded man was not fit to die for Germany."

In other words, in New Germany the glorification of life is to die—for the Kaiser. Now that theory is the spirit of the officers of the German army. It was instilled into them by the philosophy of Frederick Nietzsche.

An English officer told me: "We were in a section of trench opposite the Saxonian troops. On Christmas night some of their men crept over the parapet and were met between the trenches by some of our men. All exchanged food and drink and had a good time. Then the Saxoniens went back. We learned afterward, from prisoners, that the Sax-

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onions who had done that, were executed by the command of their officer." . . . "Be hard," wrote Nietzsche, and the officer was.

Other writers were used by Prussianism—Treitschke and Bernhardi. They both extolled war as the greatest blessing that could come to the German nation: They both brewed hate for England. They both conveyed a message to the German people, implanted a desire for a German Empire that would extend over the whole world. And many of the German people took these things seriously and were glad when war came. I know now that their military caste had the war all figured out. They imported and stored away raw materials, the ingredients for explosives, for years previously—against "Der Tag." They would go to Paris on schedule, advancing so many miles each day. In Paris they would dictate terms of peace. England would be next on the list. Then America could lift the Monroe Doctrine or else receive the attentions of the German Navy, which outnumbered our own two to one.

It was easy to get the German nation into this war, of the purpose of which the mass of the German people knew absolutely nothing. I saw how Bulgaria was tricked into going to war, and I believe I know now how most people can be tricked into war. A clarion call, "You are attacked. Defend your homes." Even if you are the aggressor you can often make your people believe you are not. Why,

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the whole German nation united on a war of defense! That is what the Kaiser and the newspapers told them the war was.

You have read of the Kaiser referring to "*unser alter Deutscher Gott*,"—"our old German God." What does that mean? Is he privately tagging the Almighty for his own? Not that. When a leader of Prussianism speaks of "our old German God" he does not mean the divinity of Christianity or Judaism. He means a barbaric God. He means the god of old barbaric Germany. Frederich Wilhelm Nietzsche, the philosopher of Prussianism wrote: "*And ye have heard men say, Blessed are the peacemakers; but I say unto you, Blessed are the war makers, for they shall be called, if not the children of Jehovah, the children of Odin, whom is greater than Jehovah.*"

Odin was the mythological god of barbaric Germany.

Again when Bismarck distorted the famous Ems telegram and brought about the Franco-Prussian War the barbaric spirit of Odin was abroad. After Bismarck had explained his trick to convert the telegram from a harmless notification into a "red rag to the Gallic Bull," he propounded the coming war to his two military geniuses, Moltke and Roon. I quote from the *Reflections and Reminiscences of Bismarck*: "*They had suddenly recovered their pleasure in eating and drinking and spoke in a more cheerful vein.*" Roon said, "*Our God of old lives still.*"

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Odin, deity of barbarism—"our God of old"—was again amuck in Prussia.

Now as to those things which the world could not grasp, which seemed all out of key with the German character as the world knew it—the terrible things of Belgium and Northern France which I, too, did not believe until I understood the spirit of Imperial Germany—they all came under the *dual personality* which is another attribute of Prussianism. I believe that it is in the German soldier to-day in a Belgian village to take a Belgian boy and give that boy some of the food from his own ration; that it is in the German soldier to take a baby and dance it on his knee, liking the baby and perhaps thinking of his own child back home; that it is in him to feel quite sentimental and perhaps blubber. I believe it is in the *same* soldier, if his officer orders him, to stand in a firing squad and shoot down every living being in the same village. It is in accord with the dual personality of Imperial Germany.

Read Treitschke and Bernhardi. They are the essence of Prussianism. "The Spirit of the Lord has descended upon me because I am the German Emperor," said Wilhelm II. Now that is the sincere utterance of a religiose ruler who has succeeded in drenching the world in blood, just as every religious fanatic before him, with power, succeeded in so doing. Believing in divine right, the Kaiser of course believes that he can do no wrong. So we have Zeppelins slaughtering civilians, submarines slaug-

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tering civilians, troops slaughtering civilians. You see the world does not grasp that Imperial Germany judges such acts necessary for the success of the German cause, and the success of the German cause being the only worth-while thing in the world—why, the end justifies the means! And that is the very root of Prussianism.

As Nietzsche told the German people, “War and courage have done more great things than charity.”— Blessed be the sword! It is that same thing which, when the war broke out, made a German noblewoman draw her husband’s sword from its scabbard, kiss the blade, and say, “Bring it back to me, red with blood.” Bismarck’s ideas worked out by Wilhelm II brought this curse of Prussianism to Germany.

Now waiting for the throne of Wilhelm II is a young man far more dangerous than his father, utterly poisoned with Nietzschean philosophy, detesting humanity, totally selfish, filled with an *ego* that almost approaches madness, shrewd and cruel—His Imperial Highness Friedrich Wilhelm. Under him Germany would be more intolerant than it is even to-day. It is that possibility we are fighting against. It is that which has made us go to war—not against the German people, but against that little group around the throne who poisoned a natural, peace-loving, and art-loving people with Prussianism. They drove Wilhelm II to make war. Unless they are eliminated, they will always make wars.

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And the pledge Woodrow Wilson made to the world, the thing that will write his name large in history, is that we will fight on with democracy against Prussianism until it perishes from the earth and brotherhood comes, for—"The world must be made safe for democracy."

FINIS



